

The Bookman

EDITED BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

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Notes at Random

Soames Forsyte—John Galsworthy as a Dramatist—
Middleton Murry hits back—More Biography—Guides

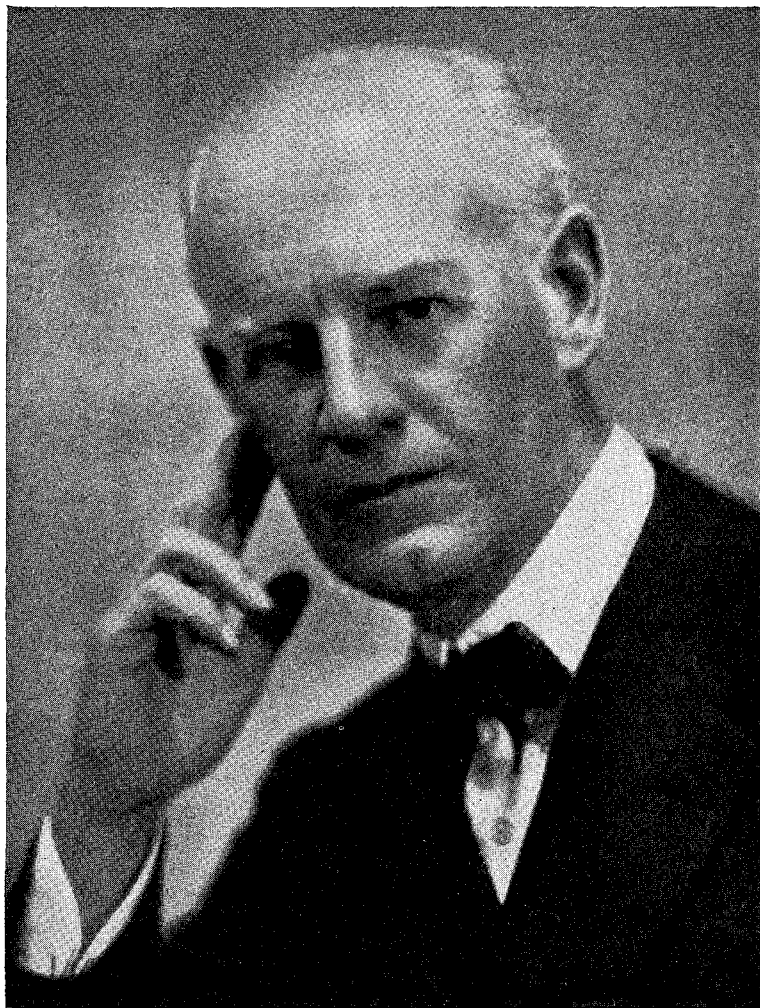
The creator of Soames Forsyte is dead, but by that creation he will live. In the crowded gallery of John Galsworthy's characters, Soames stands out clear-cut in the reality of life; we can nod acquaintance to him across that dividing street on whose other side pass the men and women made by the imagination of genius more familiar to us than our associates.

It is unlikely of course that he would acknowledge us. The Man of Property, immaculate, with tie deviating not one-eighth of an inch from the perpendicular; a dandy, with nose supercilious, yet with the set lips and square chin of a bull-dog: the "flat-shouldered, flat-chested, flat-waisted" man, whose appearance had nevertheless something round and secret about it—he would pass on unseeing, absorbed in his own thoughts, wondering at the ruin of his world, yet warming himself even with his failures. But that he would not deign to notice us would not matter. We should be one in the same knowledge, the knowledge that it was over—"the Forsyte age and way of life, when a man owned his soul, his investments, and his woman, without check or question. And now the State had, or would have, his investments, his woman had herself, and God knew who had his soul."

The Tragedy of Soames

Soames incarnates the whole saga, but his greatness (or, rather, Galsworthy's) is due to the fact that the

symbolism never subdues his individuality. (The validity of the one, in fact, ensures the relevance of the other.) The book is a modern morality and Soames, at least, is as definite a person as any in that far greater allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress." If Galsworthy lacked Bunyan's genius (which sprang from greater simplicity and profounder experience) in bringing all his characters to life, at least he succeeded here. The reason for this isolated achievement is that he genuinely pitied the man. For where pity is absent no great character can be created; approval is not enough; disapproval is worse than useless; even love is apt to lead only to self-revelation or false emotionalism. But



Mr. John Galsworthy.

Portrait by Coster.

pity, which means sympathy without acquiescence and involves recognition of the ideal without denial of the reality, is the one talisman against the sentimentality and cynicism which, like a Scylla and Charybdis, menace the artist in search of Truth. Too many of Galsworthy's characters are merely projections of his likes and dislikes; too many of his situations the impartial summings-up of a judge; but in this one



instance the artist in him has fought the moralist and the magistrate—and has won.

Why Soames is worthy of pity Galsworthy has stated explicitly, in saying that the tragedy of his life was "the very simple, uncontrollable tragedy of being unlovable, without quite a thick enough skin to be thoroughly unconscious of the fact." And the personal conflict of Soames and Irene is rooted in "the very simple truth, which underlies the whole story, that where sex attraction is utterly and definitely lacking in one partner to a union, no amount of pity, or reason, or duty, or what-not, can overcome a repulsion implicit in Nature. Whether it ought to, or no, is beside the point; because in fact it never does." Here is the stuff of tragedy indeed, a situation revealing the struggle of humans against fate no less than any Æschylean theme; it is no carefully prepared debate between class and class or interest and interest into which so many Galsworthian tragedies tend to degenerate. And because we are thus moved by Soames as a man, with this sympathy to temper our contempt, we can accept him, too, as a symbol.

Symbolism in the Saga

Nor are we left in doubt as to the nature of the symbolism: "This long tale is no scientific study of a period; it is rather an intimate incarnation of the disturbance that Beauty effects in lives of men. The figure of Irene . . . is a concretion of disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world." Just before Irene waves her last, crushing good-bye which says, "Now that I am going out of reach of you and yours—forgive me; I wish you well," Soames comes nearer to the understanding of the truth (which no Forsyte pure could ever comprehend) that "the body of Beauty has a spiritual essence, uncapturable save by a devotion which thinks not of self."

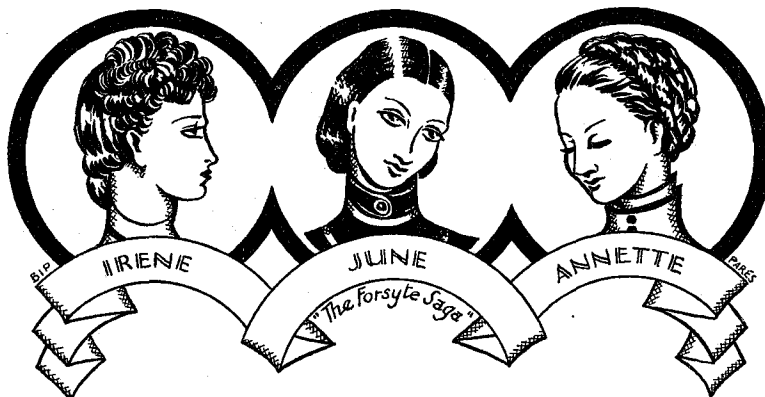
Here we come to the root of the matter. The sense of property—which after all is only another name for the love of money—is a root, nevertheless, so deeply embedded in human nature that Soames is, to some degree, in all of us, and on that account we are more tender even to his faults

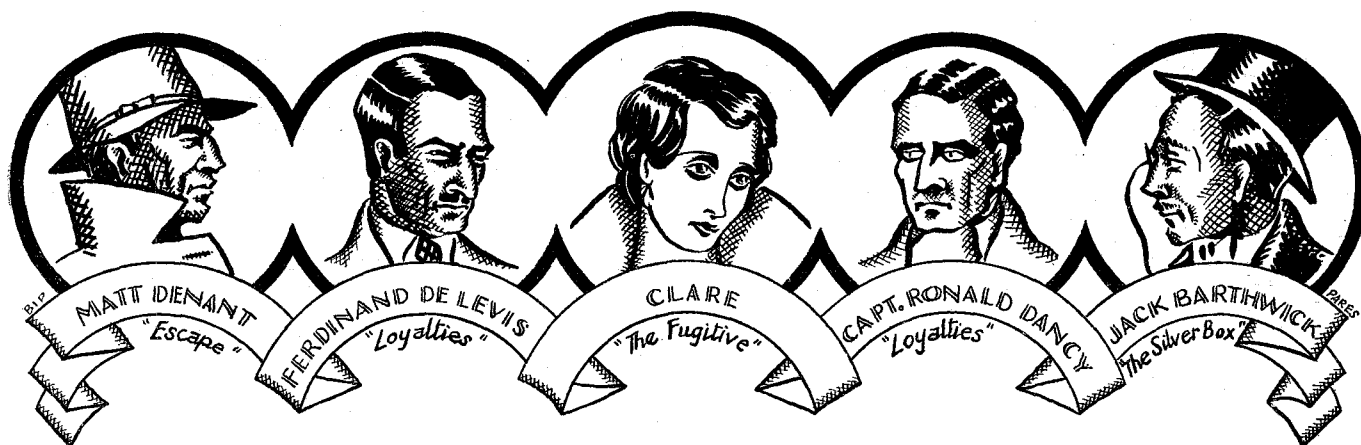
than we care to admit. Yet Galsworthy insists that the Christian paradox of gain only by voluntary loss is true of every spiritual value. You cannot have beauty any more than you can have freedom, until you have renounced property. To possess either, you must sacrifice possessions. But the Forsytes, who are endowed with all the pagan virtues, have no Christian ones. They cannot even understand them, although "to have doubted Christianity would have caused them both pain and surprise. Some of them paid for pews, thus expressing in the most practical form their sympathy with the teachings of Christ." If the story of the Forsytes is the story of the rich young ruler, it lacks the redeeming touch that "he went away sorrowful." Forsytes see no cause for sorrow.

Galsworthy as Artist

It may be objected that here, far from maintaining an artist's detachment, Galsworthy shows himself moralist *in excelsis*. Actually however I do not think that this is so. For there are no such things as artistic truths and moral truths; there is only the same Truth apprehended and revealed differently by moralist and artist. Because the particular aspect of truth which the story of Soames stresses has been so deathlessly enshrined in the moral teaching of Christianity for nineteen hundred years and reincarnated in the figure of St. Francis of Assisi, one tends to think of it exclusively in those terms and to dismiss the purely artistic expression of it as subservient to or determined by the moral. But actually in reading the saga one considers Soames simply as an individual. It is only afterwards, with the cumulative effect of the whole clan of Forsytes in mind, that one centres the symbolism in him—an ascription which itself is the greatest tribute to Galsworthy as artist.

He is however never so successful again. Indeed, as a writer seldom succeeds in accomplishing exactly what he intends and as his view of his work does not by any means necessarily coincide with that of his readers, it may be as well to admit that the symbolism, as far as it concerns Irene, is very far from satisfactory. This is partly because, by equating her with Beauty, it





becomes almost impossible at times to fit the novel and the allegory together; but also, and mainly, I think, because she is never, like Soames, quite a real person. There is only one place in the whole saga where the reality and the inner meaning of the character are perfectly fused into an artistic whole—in that lovely interlude, "Indian Summer of a Forsyte."

Picture of English Life

Even those who deny that Galsworthy deserves the title of artist (and they are many) are ready to admit that his work will live because it gives so vividly the picture of an epoch and immortalises a type. It will survive in fact for the reasons that Trollope survives. Galsworthy himself realised the possibility of this: "If the upper-middle class, with other classes, is destined to 'move on' into amorphism, here, pickled in these pages, it lies under glass for strollers in the wide and ill-arranged museum of Letters to gaze at. Here it rests, preserved in its own juice: The Sense of Property." On this so widely-held view the only pertinent comment seems to be that the whole trend of literature at present is in the direction of psychological subtlety in individual characterisation and away—rather contemptuously—from "types." It is this fact, more than any other, which has accounted for the decline of Galsworthy's reputation among the moderns. I am not suggesting that this psychological interest will continue at its present intensity; in fact, it is more than probable that the future will see a reaction; but this at least is certain—that what is done will not be undone. It may be modified; the balance may be redressed; but all the same it will be impossible for the literature or the criticism of the future to return to the crudities of an earlier epoch, and the result of this may be that the very merit of having embalmed a "type" will ensure that Galsworthy is read in 1953 only by anthropological or historical students. But somehow I think he will be saved from that dismal fate by Soames.

Galsworthy's Place in Literature

It is unquestionable that Galsworthy's best work is the Saga, as he himself believed. And of that the finest part is "The Man of Property." Where

will it rank? Over twenty years ago Arnold Bennett put it beside Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment" as a European masterpiece. To-day I believe that few will quarrel with me when I put it below "The Old Wives' Tale"—though this statement must be qualified by the admission that if Galsworthy never rose to the heights of Bennett at his best, neither did he fall to the depressing depths of Bennett at his worst. Even this attempt at assessment, I know, still begs the question. But then it is a question that no contemporary critic can answer. These things are decided by posterity.

The older generation thinks in terms of Bennett, Wells and Galsworthy as the three great novelists of our time; the younger in terms of Joyce and Lawrence as the two first, with Virginia Woolf or E. M. Forster or T. F. Powys as a possible third. This is not the place or the time to reopen that bitter controversy. It is enough, having called attention to it—as in justice one must—to say that in the hospitable and roomy house of English literature, some place—and no insignificant one—will undoubtedly be found for Soames Forsyte and the artist who created him.

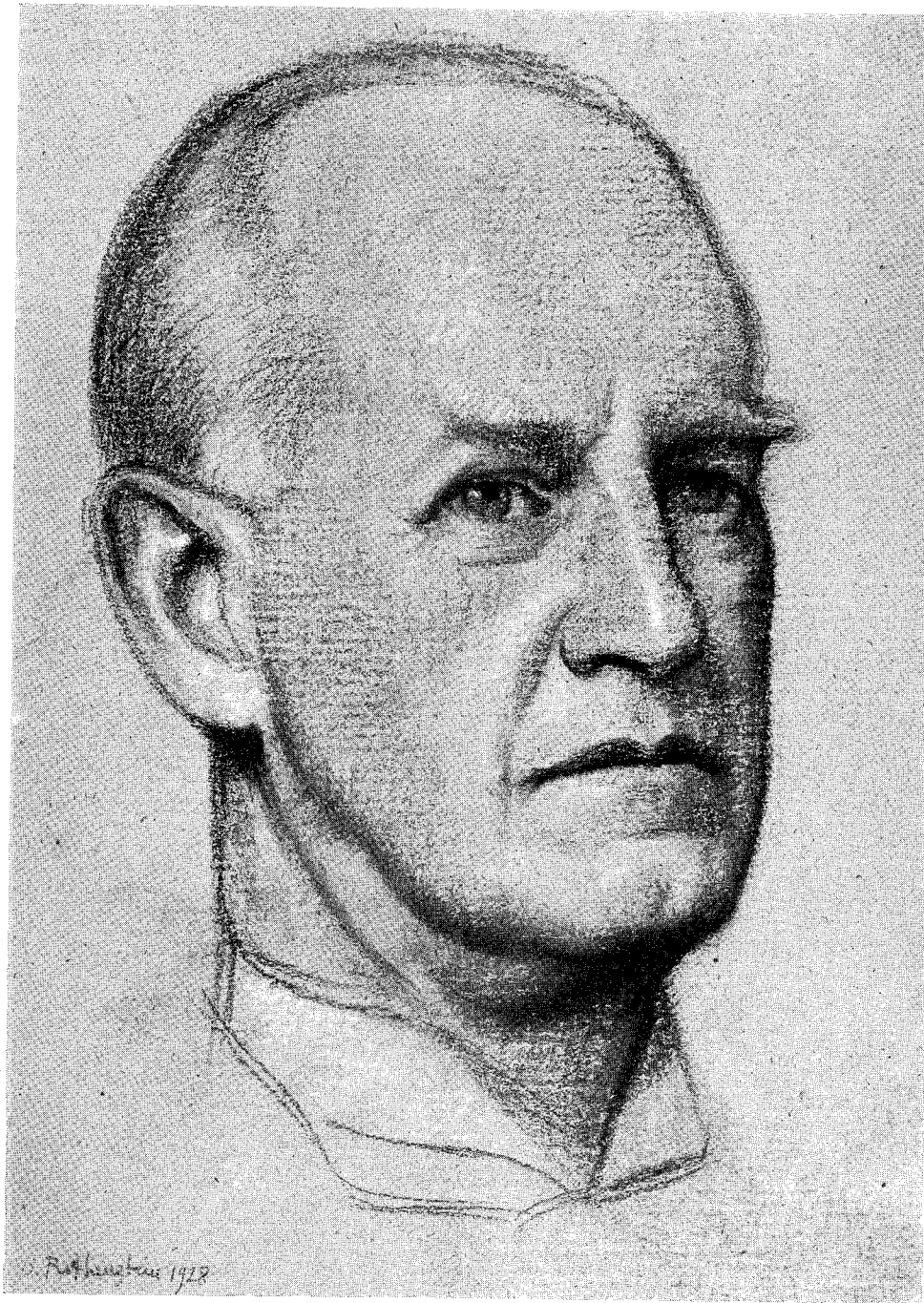
The Dramatist

Galsworthy wrote more fiction than the Saga, and of his work as novelist Mr. Arthur Waugh has written on another page; in this issue, too, there will be found appreciations of Galsworthy as an international figure and as a personal friend. There remains only to discuss him as a dramatist, in which capacity the struggle in the man himself and the paradox of his position are perhaps most easily seen.

Asked to characterise Galsworthy's attitude, one could hardly fail to mention his intense sympathy with the "under-dog" and his impartiality. Indeed this has been repeated till it has become so trite that the contradiction it implies is hardly noticed. For if a writer is impartial, it is impossible to tell where his

sympathies lie. If his sympathy—especially when it is based, as Galsworthy's is, on moral indignation—is genuine, it is impossible for him to be impartial. It is quite true that in certain of his plays he holds the balance even. It is also true that his sympathies often





From a drawing by SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN.
Kindly lent by the artist.

John Galsworthy.



Last Scene of "Strife."

Photo: Daily Mirror.

Mr. Norman McKinnel as John Anthony and Mr. J. Fisher White as David Roberts.
The two leaders confronting each other after each has been defeated by his own side.

"God save the pennon, ragged to the dawn,
That signs to moon to stand and sun to fly;
And flutters when the weak is overborne
To stem the tide of fate and certainty;
That knows not reason and that seeks no fame
—But has engraved around its stubborn wood
The words: "Knight Errant, till Eternity."

If there is never a shout like that in the plays, it is because so direct an avowal, suitable enough to the subjectivity of a lyric, would be completely out of place in the objectivity of the drama. If Galsworthy may sometimes seem a rebel convinced by the arguments for autocratic government or a knight-errant who likes ogres, the essence of him is still unalterably in those lines.

— and the Enemy

When all his sympathies are enlisted on one side, however scrupulous he may be in stating the opposing arguments, his own position is unequivocal. In "The Mob," for instance, which tells of the hounding to death of an idealist for holding "Stop-the-war" meetings during a war (the play was first produced, significantly enough, in March, 1914), every side of him—the pacifist, the patrician, the moralist and the champion of the weak—was involved. Stephen More's friends warn him at the outset: "There was never a time when the word 'patriotism' stirred mob-sentiment as it does now. 'Ware 'Mob,' Stephen, 'ware 'Mob,'" and in the end he learns it. But before he is killed he turns on them in words which, once heard in the theatre, are never quite forgotten: "You—Mob—are the most contemptible thing under the sun. When you walk the street—God goes in. You are the thing that pelts the weak; kicks women; howls down free speech. This to-day and that to-morrow. Brain—you have none.

Spirit—not a ghost of it! If you're not meanness, there's no such thing. If you're not cowardice, there is no cowardice. Patriotism—there are two kinds: that of our soldiers, and this of mine. You have neither."

If I had to choose one alone of Galsworthy's utterances which should survive as a message to the world of the near future, that would be the one. And the same passion inspires "Justice"—that scathing indictment of our prison system and the barbarous horror of solitary confinement which, produced twenty-three years ago, so roused public opinion that the evils it exposed were mitigated.

Galsworthy the moralist has written plays that move one by their fervour, as Galsworthy the artist can compel admiration by his classic sense of tragedy. But the plays of Galsworthy the magistrate (and they unfortunately form the majority) leave one dissatisfied. "The Show" is a typical example.

Major Morecombe has committed suicide. In the revelations which follow, many unnecessary details in the dead man's career are brought to light, and the relatives of the suicide and those concerned are subjected to a course of mental torture in the glorious cause of publicity. The theme provides an excellent opportunity for a bitter attack on the Press. Six people are caused a great deal of unnecessary suffering by the newspapers, who have not a shred of justification other than the satisfaction of morbid curiosity. When Lady Morecombe says to the editor: "You want to sell your paper. And because of that, my son, who can't defend himself, is to be blackened—his affairs hawked about on the street"; and when the Colonel storms: "What d'you mean by sending people to meddle with private affairs?" you give them your whole-hearted support.

But Galsworthy, however he may wish to, cannot. The magisterial logician reminds him that to do so would be rank nonsense. The very people against whom our anger and his are directed are the very people whom in fairness he is bound to exonerate. The Press is only the agent of the public, and the ultimate villain is yourself—a state of affairs most unsatisfactory when you look round for someone to kick.

That is to say the author, in plays of this type, refuses to allow any *catharsis*. And for a playwright this is fatal. The essence of any play's reaction on the audience is in vicarious action, allowing the spectator to identify himself with one of the characters (usually the hero). But Galsworthy here insists that he remain himself—and that not as a mere spectator, but as an actual participant in the tragedy. In "The Show" for instance there is no person who embodies the "public" to act as scapegoat for the audience. The audience must bear its own responsibility.

A Performance of "Strife"

This weakness was brought home to me most forcibly at a certain historic performance of "Strife"—the finest of all the "magisterial" plays. The town of Huddersfield was in the throes of a prolonged and bitter strike when Mr. Alfred Wareing decided to stage "Strife" as an object-lesson to both sides in the dispute of the futility of their proceedings. On the first night the theatre was packed. In the gallery policemen were stationed in case of disturbances. But they were quite unnecessary. There was no disturbance; there was only an atmosphere of vague, rather restless irritation at the impartiality of it all. The bitterness and conviction of the strife outside the theatre imparted to the "Strife" inside something of the unreality of an

academic discussion. The audience was shown two sets of fools—employers and employees—and each member knew he was on the side of one or other. It was—again—most unsatisfactory.

Galsworthy's failure here lay in his refusal to recognise that the real problems of such plays as "Strife" were not legal, or even moral, but political. Though in his earlier writing days he was, like his two great contemporaries, Shaw and Wells, a socialist (and would certainly have described himself as one), he withdrew more and more from any political allegiance. But "Strife" is based on the struggle between Capital and Labour, and to present it convincingly it is essential that the author's mind should be made up on one side or the other. The real problem is not the conflict of two sets of people who would in ordinary circumstances be friendly, but between two opposing social principles which can never be reconciled. And only the recognition of this fact could have made "Strife" a great play.

Final Word

Yet perhaps to Galsworthy himself such a decision was unnecessary. Perhaps he saw deeper than political theories; deeper than those conventional taboos we too often mistake for moral principles; deeper than the eccentricities of individuals, the vagaries of classes or the differences of nations—saw with the eyes of those stoics, whom he could draw so well, into the heart of life. "There is nothing," he makes one of his characters say, "that gives more courage than to see the irony of things." That surely was his own utterance—and his own salvation. "There is nothing that gives more courage than to see the irony of things."



Last Scene in Act IV of "Justice."

Photo: Daily Mirror.

Falder throws himself down the staircase when he is re-arrested while on ticket-of-leave.

George Moore and George Saintsbury

Tributes to these two literary figures will be found on other pages. One was a stylist; the other was a scholar. Both probably rendered great service to English literature but, being myself one who finds nothing so irritating as a writer who considers the way of saying a thing of more importance than the thing said, and nothing so disastrous as the intrusion of the academic mind into criticism, I do not feel qualified to write about either of them.

Murry v. Mrs. Carswell

The inevitable distaste for the personal recriminations which seem to be the chief pastime of the friends of the late D. H. Lawrence should not, in fairness to one of the participants, prevent the reading of Middleton Murry's "Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence" (7s. 6d.; Jonathan Cape). Here is an answer to Catherine Carswell's "The Savage Pilgrimage" (notable for the almost theological fury of its attack on Murry), which constitutes a complete vindication of Murry.

On the publication of Lawrence's letters indeed, some of us had begun to have doubts about the accuracy of Mrs. Carswell's memory. There was for instance the now notorious meal at the Café Royal, where Murry, according to Mrs. Carswell, said to Lawrence: "I have betrayed you, old chap; I confess it. In the past I have betrayed you. But never again, I call you all to witness, never again." But Lawrence himself, in a letter to Murry—an angry, bitter letter—was revealed as remembering it quite differently. He wrote: "You remember that charming dinner at the Café Royal that night? You remember saying: 'I love you, Lorenzo, but I won't promise not to betray you'? Well, you CAN'T betray me, and that's all there is to that." With that discrepancy in mind (and it is fundamental to Mrs. Carswell's picture of Murry), one was in some part prepared for the complete refutation of point after point in "The Savage Pilgrimage" which Murry provides in the third section of these "Reminiscences."

For instance, to take a typical example, Mrs. Carswell wrote that "[Murry] became editor [of the *Athenæum*] in January, 1919. On April 11th, under the pseudonym of 'Grantorto,' Lawrence's beautiful and suitable essay, 'The Whistling of Birds,' appeared." Actually the first number of the *Athenæum* edited by Murry was that of April 4th, 1919. He could hardly have helped Lawrence sooner.

The most important point of the "Reminiscences" however is that it reveals at last the reason for the cleavage between Lawrence and Murry. It shows Murry endeavouring not to allow his just anger against Lawrence the man to influence his admiration for and critical appreciation of Lawrence the artist. Here is the episode in his own words:

"Lawrence knew that Katherine [Mansfield] was very ill as early as the winter of 1917-18. He also knew that she had been getting worse during the following year. In January, 1920, when she was ill and alone and terribly depressed at Mentone, he sent her a fearful letter. This letter was once in my hands, for Katherine sent it on to me. I burned it instantly. The only remaining record of this letter is contained in a passage from an unpublished letter of Katherine Mansfield to me.

"This letter to Katherine was so monstrously, so

inhumanly cruel that I wrote to him that he had committed the unforgivable crime; that I sincerely hoped we should never meet again because, if we did meet again, I should thrash him. . . . The whole ghastly episode . . . but for Mrs. Carswell's brutal intrusion, would have remained where it belongs—in oblivion. Who, of his real friends, would care to remember the fact that Lawrence could be cruel as no ordinary man can be cruel? Those who can separate essences from accidents know it from his works. That should have been enough. The 'kind, eloquent and wise' Lawrence is a creation of feminine fantasy. He was an angel, and he was a devil. And he was a divided man to the end."

Perhaps one should have guessed something of this from Lawrence's caricature of Katherine Mansfield as Gudrun in "Women in Love." But it is well that the truth has been plainly told. For one thing, it means that a partial forgiveness is possible for Murry's almost indefensible action in telling the truth about Lawrence as he told it in "Son of Woman." More important, it may mean that at last this most unpleasant interlude in our literary pageant will come to its eagerly awaited end. Meanwhile between Murry and Mrs. Carswell (to borrow an unpublished phrase from a distinguished critic), "one's antipathies are divided."

Bijou Biography

Messrs. Duckworth have brought out the first of six volumes of a series of two-shilling biographies under the general title of "Great Lives." They consider the event "to be of some national importance," and intend the completed series "to form a National Portrait Gallery of remarkable and varied interest." The first volume of course is devoted to Shakespeare, and it is written by John Drinkwater. There is an appropriateness about this. It is not merely that Mr. Drinkwater writes with almost equal facility about Charles II, Carl Laemmle (a film producer) or himself, but because he, like Shakespeare, is a playwright and man of the theatre. Also he is by some considered a good poet—as Shakespeare was. The book, an odd one, I shall treasure. Mr. Drinkwater animadverts against a recent critic, Mr. Dover Wilson; makes fun of the Baconians; admits that he has from time to time read a few of the more important works on Shakespeare (an admission which the inadequate bibliography at the end confirms); gives a readable account of the Bard and his work for those who know little about either; flatters the author of "Young Woodley" by assuming that Shakespeare would be interested in his mind; and reserves for his last page the generous gesture of ascribing to Walt Whitman one of the most famous sayings in the Old Testament: "Where there is no vision the people perish."

"Wagner" has been entrusted to Mr. W. J. Turner—probably the best known and most consistent anti-Wagnerite writing in England at the moment. His *bon mot* is that "in the end we may come to doubt whether there is anything in Wagner's music but Wagner." This is worth pondering. "John Wesley" is a little masterpiece of ironic detachment by Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, that so admirable critic and fervent admirer of Restoration comedy.

"Queen Victoria," by Lord Ponsonby, however shows understanding, wit, proportion and knowledge. The final summing-up (as indeed the whole book) is one of the best judgments of the Queen that I have read, and if

"LITERARY GENTS" By Thomas Derrick

14—MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY

OUR OLD NOBELITY



FINAL CALL

March, 1633

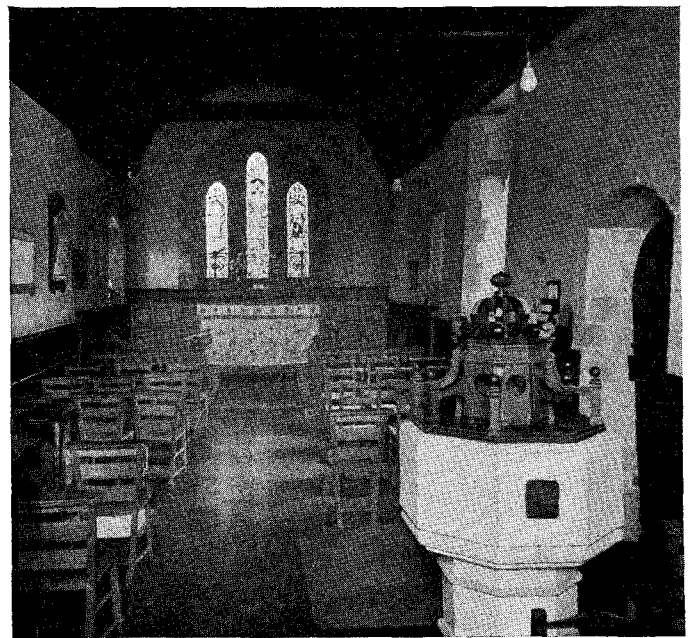
GEORGE HERBERT

March, 1933

Poet



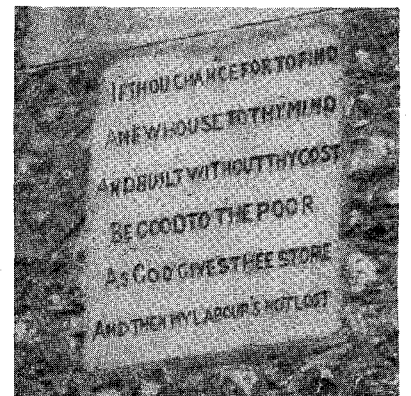
*George Herbert's Church,
St. Andrew Bemerton.*



Interior of Church.



The stone marking the grave.
The reason for the apparent mistake in the date is that in 1752, when the calendar was revised, the commencement of the year was changed from March 25th to January 1st.



*The verse over the door of the
Rectory.*



The Rectory at which George Herbert lived. He had to do a considerable amount of restoration, but the wing on the left is the only addition since his day.

the rest of the series could reach this level, the publishers would deserve the most whole-hearted congratulation.

Of titles promised for the future, the most perfectly matched in subject and author should be "Tennyson" by J. C. Squire.

About Advertising

F. R. Leavis and Denys Thompson have collaborated in "Culture and Environment" (3s. 6d.; Chatto & Windus), which is justly claimed to be a pioneer in its field. It is primarily intended for the higher forms of schools, and its aim is to inoculate the new generation, as far as possible, against the vulgarity, the false values and the mass-suggestion of commercial advertising, popular films and the Yellow Press. The sub-title (which I think is unfortunate) is "The Training of Critical Awareness."

Certain aspects of modern advertising have long needed attacking. Professor J. B. S. Haldane, for instance, in a book reviewed recently in these Notes, made this statement: "Enormous sums are spent in disseminating lies about health in order to advertise medicines and 'health foods' which are generally useless and often dangerous. A widely advertised vitamin preparation contains, besides vitamins, a substance definitely poisonous to children. Under the law of the land I might have to pay thousands of pounds in damages if I mentioned the preparation in question, even if my statement could be proved to be true."

In such circumstances the only course open is to educate the populace against such advertising. "Culture and Environment," by classifying the appeal of advertisements, replaces any possible faith in the decorations of the hoardings by a lively analytical interest which should result in complete scepticism. There is first the simple appeal to Fear. ("Six out of seven people suffer from —. To secure immunity use —"). Secondly the appeal to dislike of social non-conformity, even a certain trepidation in buying from a self-confident salesman ("What must he think when you ask for inferior tobacco?"). Thirdly an elaboration of this—the "Good Form" Pressure. Fourthly the direct Snob Appeal. Fifthly (a type which is on the increase) "The Good Fellow Ticket for First Class Passengers only" (here especially tobacco and radio advertisements will leap to mind). Having roughly thus classified them, the Fifth and Sixth Forms are invited to describe the person represented in certain advertisements, and to explain how one is expected to feel towards him. At the end of the book are many examples to be used in what must surely be the most amusing and not the least valuable lesson of the week in those schools wise enough to adopt this book. For instance: "'One of the major chords on which advertisers play is flattery.' Illustrate." And—"Some advertisers aim at creating the illusion of 'Personal' relations between themselves and their prospective customers. Give examples. When were you last taken in?" And—"Explain and illustrate the use of valets, butlers and 'superior'-looking manservants in advertisements." And—"Advertising created the cigarette habit. Think of others."

The last example is pertinent. Against the legitimate use of advertising, as the means of introducing

necessary goods to interested customers, no one has a word to say. But commercial advertising to-day consists mainly in selling unnecessary and useless goods to people who do not really want them. And this has brought a host of minor (some might even say major) evils in its train.

"Culture and Environment" deals of course with many other aspects of the contemporary collapse of values. Its main insistence is on the loss of the organic community, and the fact "that the actual state of things is not humanly normal." A brave and necessary little book.

Modern Thought

C. E. M. Joad's "Guide to Modern Thought" (6s.; Faber & Faber) is a book which ought to be widely read. The author does not comment on the various theories of the various sciences he so lucidly explains, except in so far as he allows for his own instinctive bias in presenting them. He does not even attack that supremely silly belief known as Behaviourism except to point out how, logically, it invalidates itself. But his readers will have, at the end of the book, a grasp of the present position in all the main branches of scientific thought, and will be in a position to understand the present paradox that the physical sciences are moving in the direction of an idealist and spiritual interpretation of the universe, while psychology is pointing the way back to mere materialism. Even those who are not particularly interested in the main questions raised and the attempts to answer them, should enjoy the final chapter, which deals with the invasion of literature by psychology, and shows how theories current in the modern world (and, it should be added, usually misapprehended after a very partial understanding), have influenced many modern novelists, both in the matter and the manner of their work.

Mr. Joad has also entered into a controversy with Arnold Lunn on "Is Christianity True?" (7s. 6d.; Eyre & Spottiswoode). The letters of both participants are lively enough, but it seems a pity that neither of them have more than a very distant nodding acquaintance with theology or recent Biblical criticism. We are assured that it is all very up to date. Actually it is all even more old-fashioned than Bernard Shaw's recent theological pamphlet.

— and Modern Poetry

Mr. R. L. Mégroz has endeavoured to provide a guide to "Modern English Poetry: 1882-1932" (8s. 6d.; Nicholson & Watson)—a more difficult kind of guide to write than Mr. Joad's. He can confine himself to facts; Mr. Mégroz has to make up his mind critically, and must stand or fall by his opinions. That in my view he has made up his mind wrongly on nearly every important point will, I hope, be an inducement to many people to buy his book. My suspicions were aroused when I discovered that he completely misunderstood the meaning of "The Waste Land," and misrepresented (by means of inadequate comment and quotation) "Animula." They were deepened when I found him attributing "a deficiency of musical sense" to Herbert Read who, after all, wrote "The White Isle of Leuce." And they were finally confirmed when I found nothing

but a mention of the name of Wilfred Owen—incomparably the greatest of the War poets and one of the very few true poets of the last twenty years—and that mention bracketed with the names (among others) of J. C. Squire and Neil Munro. When I discovered a considerable space was devoted to the Sitwells who, as Mr. Leavis so justly remarked, “belong to the history of publicity rather than of poetry” (their prose, on the other hand, merits profound admiration), I came to the conclusion that understanding of *modern* poetry was hardly Mr. Mégroz’s strong point. Nevertheless, as his publishers say, “his impartial estimates of individual poets are likely to prove a revelation to many readers.” This is a good recommendation for any book, and it is quite true.

The Hogarth Letters

The publication in book form of those eleven brilliant little pamphlets, which have been appearing at intervals during the last two years as “The Hogarth Letters” (6s.; Hogarth Press), will be welcomed by all who care for good writing. There is no need for further comment on them here—several have been noticed from time to time as they appeared—except to say that the first, E. M. Forster’s “Letter to Madam Blanchard,” is still the best.

Incidentally I see that at last we are to have a new book from Mr. Forster. It is not a novel, but a memoir of G. Lowes Dickinson, philosopher and humanist, and it will be published by Messrs. Edwin Arnold, probably next autumn.

News of Russia

In this issue, for the first time in England, is an authentic account of the Soviet experiment in State publishing, written by Lord Passfield, better known perhaps—as he prefers to be known—as Sidney Webb. Owing to pressure on space, several articles have had to be held over, including the third of the series, “Literature and the Cities,” which deals with Birming-

ham, and the “Contemporary Foreign Writers,” “Modern Belgian Literature,” by C. K. Colhoun. These, with the conclusion of “State Publishing in Soviet Russia” and “Ghosties and Ghoulies,” will appear in the Spring Double Number next month. That issue will also contain among many other illus-

trated special articles, “The Decline of Inspiration in Modern Literature,” by Geoffrey Dearmer, and “The Modern English Short Story.”

T. Earle Welby

As this issue goes to press comes the sad news of the death of Mr. T. Earle Welby. The literary world is the poorer now by the absence of one of its finest critics. There is no need to appraise here his fine critical work, for THE BOOKMAN has had the benefit of it month by month and readers know its quality. In my own opinion, Mr. Earle Welby, with his intensely individual outlook, his integrity (that his name is not more popularly known was due in great part to his refusal to compromise with mob-values or to undertake more work than he could with honesty accomplish), and his immense learning (which he never allowed to dwarf his sense of contemporary achievement), was the finest of the elder critics.

HUGH ROSS
WILLIAMSON.

PRELUDE

Play upon the organ an
elegy for Donne,
He who made the elegiac
moment not so blind

With the lace and lilies of the funeral;
Now that the arching mane has passed, and fumes
Accompany evidences of the rout in box
Shining and cheap with sleek work done
After the card had indicated terms
Less than the rigid years in small amount
Had fostered for anticipated burial.
Now that commercial ends have menaced death
And charities reproved mistakes with sneers;
Play upon the organ an elegy for Donne,
That his deep pertinence cancel these impertinent years.

EDGAR FOXALL.

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS

CURRENT AFFAIRS

“The Interdependent World and its Problems.”
By Ramsay Muir. 5s. (Constable.)

Short, concise and accurate presentation of the world-crisis as it is determined by the fact of interdependence.

POETRY

“Poems.” By Stephen Spender. 5s. (Faber & Faber.)

The dictum, “If Auden is the satirist of the poetical renaissance, Spender is its lyric poet,” somewhat overstates the truth, but it gives a clue to the probable importance of this book. The poems however are very unequal.

DRAMA

“Famous Plays of 1932-33.” 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

This is the best of Mr. Gollancz’s anthologies on these lines, because it does contain two plays, “Children in Uniform” and “Miracle at Verdun,” which might be described as famous, although it also includes ephemeral trivialities like “Service” and “Behold, We Live.”

ART

“The Art of Henri Matisse.” By Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia. 21s. (Scribners.)

An exhaustive analysis of the subject, carried out with American thoroughness. There are 151 plates, chiefly of Matisse’s work.

THEOLOGY

“The Formation of the Gospel Tradition.” By Vincent Taylor. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

An important work by the author of “Behind the Third Gospel,” which renders available to English readers the main results of German scholars in “Form Criticism,” and which points the way for modern Synoptic criticism and research.

CRITICISM

“Paul Valéry.” By Theodora Bosanquet. 5s. (Hogarth Press.)

A most welcome critical introduction to a poet who has profoundly influenced the present generation, but who has been neglected to a large extent in England.

FICTION

“Light in August.” By William Faulkner. 8s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

This powerful and moving novel, though perhaps not so important as “The Sound and the Fury,” will add to Faulkner’s reputation in England, though I should not advise those unacquainted with his work to open with it.

A “THRILLER”

“The Arrival at Dusk.” By R. C. Ashby. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is unquestionably one of the best “mysteries” which has appeared for a long time. It is also exceptional in that it combines the thrill of the ghost-story with that of the crime-story.

JOHN GALSWORTHY AS NOVELIST

By Arthur Waugh

The first tribute to John Galsworthy as a novelist is bound to be a confession of confidence that, whatever rank criticism may concede to him to-day among his contemporaries, not one of them is more certain than he to be read and respected a hundred years hence. The best of him is in his novels, and that best makes the personal contribution to literature which ensures its survival. Both in his own country and on the Continent he enjoyed unclouded popularity during his lifetime; and the quality which secured his popularity is a quality which does not fade. He was liked because he was consistent, well-balanced in judgment, and immune from impatient moods



Mr. John Galsworthy.

On the mare that plays a part in "Riding in Mist."

and prejudices. His readers knew where they would find him; intellectually and sympathetically he would never "let them down"; the scene around them changed, and the reflection on the serene surface of his novels changed with it, but beneath the surface there was still the same depth, the same calm, the same impregnable fidelity to old standards and old ideals. England dearly loves a leader upon whom it can rely, an historian whose record runs on a steady keel from goal to goal. Galsworthy satisfied every such demand, and no man ever earned popularity by more honourable and unself-conscious means.

As it happens, I was a contemporary of John Galsworthy's for three years at New College, Oxford, and although I did not know him well, either then or later, we had many friends in common, and I have a vivid impression of how he struck his associates in those first formative years. From the beginning he played the part of an observer, withdrawn, like Plato's philosopher, under the shadow of the wall, watching the crowd hurry past upon its headlong way. In that decade of the first Victorian jubilee Oxford was humming with busy eagerness, and New College, which expected its men to work, was the very hub of movement and preparation. Most people had sketched out a career in imagination, and a comparison of the New College roll of those years with the "Who's Who" of to-day will justify the claim that imagination was well realised by performance. The intervening crop of colonial governors, judges, bishops, Harley Street specialists, popular actors and cabinet ministers was never richer or more distinguished. The men who are resting on their laurels to-day were in a great hurry five-and-forty years ago. But there was no hurry about John Galsworthy. He had no cause to be anxious about the making of an income, and he let life open before him gradually and by degrees. He travelled freely over Europe, observed, and

assimilated, but remained unshaken by too bitter a sense of contrast. At home the world went very well still, and he was the typical Englishman, to whom the English scene, the English character provided the natural fostering atmosphere. He was not blind to shortcomings. There were injustices in plenty, misprision and the stupidities of blundering authority; but take it for all in all, the spirit of England was a fine inheritance. That heritage he began to map out in a series of novels, deliberate, sensitive and intimate, which should present an enduring, permanent panorama of that side of English life which, when he first started to chart it, seemed to be the country's most inalienable possession. It was the England to which Galsworthy himself belonged, and was happy in belonging—the England of the upper middle class, which had its roots in possession, for which there seemed no need to worry, since it was governed by self-respecting standards, and supported by the almost universal respect of its fellow-countrymen. His first novels hovered over the theme tentatively; he was nearly forty before he settled down upon it with confident and abiding occupation. Once again, he was in no hurry. But when once he had got the Forsyte family seething in his brain, he was possessed of his freehold, he had staked out his claim upon posterity. The permanent interest of his artistic life was achieved.

It is in the novels that Galsworthy's record of his own generation is most certain of holding the sympathies of generations yet to come. And of all his fiction "The Forsyte Saga" is the fine flower and fruit, garnered to full harvest. In the years of change, and perhaps of chaos, that lie ahead of us, whoever wants to understand the security, the conscience, the impenetrable self-satisfaction of the Englishman of property in the last half-century, will continue to trace the characteristics in the fortunes of the Forsytes. They constitute their creator's passport to posterity. He lived just long enough to see its authority breaking up, and he was perhaps so far *felix opportunitate mortis* in that he was spared the fullness of revelation, as the old traditions are broken up, the old standards go overboard, and the last of the old faiths is abandoned by an England drifting into the stormy twilight of anarchy and scepticism. "To see the things you gave your life to broken"—that is the final test of the man who has loved his fellow-men. But there would never have been any need to pity Galsworthy, whose pity for other people had endowed him with the talisman of Mithridates. His courage would have been equal to the demand. Having never been in a hurry to hope, he would never have hurried to despair.

Meanwhile there are his books, to bear witness to the high integrity of his character, his magnanimity, his broad and sheltering sympathy, his hate of hate, his scorn of scorn, his all-embowering love of love. It has been objected that his men and women are types rather than characters—a glib distinction that is always more easily acclaimed than defined. Who of us, after all, is not himself a type, or cannot be rallied under a type? It is true that Galsworthy recognised ruling foibles, and even allowed them to dictate the proper conduct of a situation; but so much of every man is heredity, and so much more is environment, that Nature herself confounds the critic, and lends to the type the qualities of immortality. The same has been said a thousand times of Dickens, and yet nowhere is a picture gallery so rich in individual and lifelike features as animate the contemned museum of Dickensian "waxworks." Set in their rich background of English scenery, or amid the glittering plate and glass and furniture that bear witness to a long succession of proud and confident ownership, the Forsytes will go down to future ages as the last inheritors of a wealth of peace and prosperity which their ancestors so long believed to be the natural legacy of their house and name. When the last shred of that treasure is knocked down under the hammer of change, its spiritual and material inventory will survive im pregnably in the novels of John Galsworthy.

JOHN GALSWORTHY—INTERNATIONALIST

By Hermon Ould

A belief in internationalism—ambiguous word!—seems to spring from one of two seemingly contradictory causes: from the absence of a sense of nationality or from intense devotion to one's own country. John Galsworthy's sprang unmistakably from the second of these. During the last few weeks we have learned from a hundred obituary notices that he was a "typical Englishman"—as if a wide magnanimity, sensitiveness to beauty and the tragedy of beauty, a dislike of cruelty and conquest, stealthy generosity and a keen interest in foreign affairs were characteristic of our race. In the final analysis it will probably be found that John Galsworthy possessed few of the qualities which could be rightly labelled "typically English," and his love of England was no more an English virtue than the Frenchman's love of France is French, or the Chinaman's love of China, Chinese. He did love England. He believed, broadly speaking, in the English tradition, in the English way of envisaging things, in the English instinct for fair play; he was jealous of England's honour and accepted with great seriousness his responsibility as an English citizen; and above all he loved the English country-side, which evoked in him a deeper emotion than the more spectacular beauty of other lands.

It was this love of England which made him an internationalist. "Because I believe in my own country and desire the best for it," he would say, "I understand how others feel about their countries." To understand all is to forgive all. His work as playwright and novelist illustrates this text and his work as an internationalist no less. In 1921 the P.E.N. Club was founded,* modestly but with an ambitious aim—to link writers of all nations together in friendliness. Galsworthy was the first president of the London Centre, and although the presidency is a yearly office he remained its president until his death, re-elected again and again with complete unanimity. Probably his last act of public generosity was to make over to the London Centre of the P.E.N. the Nobel Prize Award of £9,000. The idea of the P.E.N. spread with remarkable rapidity, and to-day there are fifty centres in thirty-five countries, with a membership of more than four thousand. Galsworthy did not treat his duties as president lightly. He was chairman of the committee and was rarely absent from a meeting. Of the ten annual congresses he attended nine. He believed that the power which writers wield plays an important part in shaping the destiny of nations; that if authors would only realise their responsibility as

* By Mrs. Dawson Scott, the English novelist. P.E.N.=Poets and Playwrights, Editors and Essayists, Novelists.

the mouthpiece of opinion and the vehicle for the conveyance of ideas, the ideal of world-peace would be brought appreciably nearer consummation.

At one of the earliest world congresses—the fifth, in Brussels—Galsworthy drafted a resolution embodying this conviction. It was finally sponsored by the English, Belgian, French and German centres and carried without dissentients. Here is the text:

(a) Literature, national though it be in origin, knows no frontiers, and should remain common currency between nations, in spite of political or international upheavals.

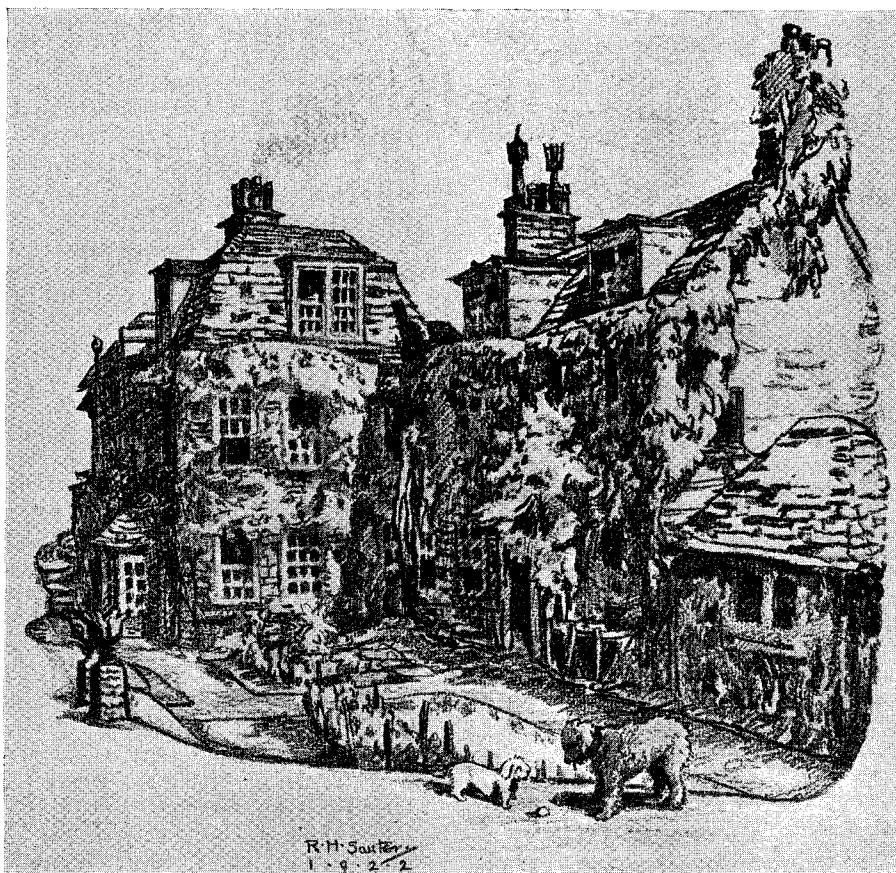
(b) In all circumstances then, and particularly in time of war, works of art, the patrimony of humanity at large, should be left untouched by national or political passion.

(c) Members of the P.E.N. Clubs will at all times use what influence they have in favour of good understanding and mutual respect between the nations.

It was at these congresses of the P.E.N. that the quiet strength of Galsworthy's personality best manifested itself. Least voluble of all the delegates, it was he whose words were received with the most respect. He was quiet, unobtrusive, gracious, aloof only in the sense that he rarely made advances; not stand-offish; he inspired universal respect and, in those with whom he came in contact, affection. A few days before

his death I met a member of the Yiddish P.E.N. "It would be terrible if he died," he said; "he is our friend." And I am sure that most members of the P.E.N., and especially members of the smaller centres, would have said the same.

He was not at home with foreign tongues. His knowledge of French was fairly deep, but he spoke it with difficulty and always lapsed into English if a friendly interpreter were nearby; German came with even greater difficulty, but he could follow the drift of a conversation as if by means of a sixth sense. But whether by speech or by silence, by gesture or by some impalpable outpouring of personality, he undoubtedly conveyed that desire to understand which is the main purpose of the P.E.N. "Human life without friendliness is not worth having," he said at the congress in Hungary last year. "And we are perhaps the most practical of mortals, who seek the end that the great masses of mankind desire—a mild and genial air to breathe. We writers of the P.E.N. want to serve humanity at large in the ways (perhaps the only ways) in which the written word and the makers thereof can serve humanity—by linking up country by country the love of literature, and by helping to restore to a bleak and starved world a friendly atmosphere." No writer ever contributed more liberally to this ideal than John Galsworthy.



Grove Lodge, Mr. Galsworthy's house at Hampstead.

From a drawing by R. H. Sauter in the Manaton Edition of the Works of John Galsworthy (Heinemann).

JOHN GALSWORTHY AS I KNEW HIM

From Professor Gilbert Murray :

It must have been the year 1906 that I first came across Galsworthy. I happened to be ill and Granville Barker, who was then in management at the Court Theatre, came to see me and said with some excitement that he had a first play by a new man which, as far as he could make out, was the work of a master. Next day he lent me the MS. of "The Silver Box."

It was a time when the censor of plays had been making the judicious grievance by developing conscientious objections to Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" and Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness," while serenely permitting a play called "The Giddy Goat," and William Archer and others were conducting an agitation on the subject on behalf of dramatists. A committee of three was formed, with Barrie as president, Galsworthy as secretary, and myself as treasurer—not that the treasure, so far as I remember, was ever very large. It was then that I first got to know Galsworthy and feel the dignity and charm of his character, the courtesy, the reserve, and the entire sincerity. One felt an immediate attraction towards him and an instinctive respect. The anti-censor movement had in the end some very satisfactory results, but one small thing that stands out in my memory is a deputation which we took to the Home Office. As we were waiting there in the hall, an attendant came up and asked: "What are you? Explosives?" and one of us, I forget which, answered: "No, dramatic authors."

Galsworthy was an extraordinarily conscientious artist. He never allowed a line to stand which he did not feel to be artistically true. Yet I believe in the long run he was more a poet than a realist. He took modern English society as his subject, but he used it as the raw material for works of art so highly finished that they can almost be called poems. He leaves a great gap in the world of letters, and a still greater emptiness in the lives of his friends.

GILBERT MURRAY.

From Henry W. Nevinnson :

In a long and varied life I am most proud of the friendship that existed for twenty-five years between Galsworthy and me. I am all the prouder because as a rule we ran over different lines of country, my direction turning chiefly to wars, politics, and the essays of journalism, while he was a novelist and dramatist almost entirely, so reaching high fame in this country, and still higher abroad.

To me as to others he was always the very type of the highly educated and intellectual English gentleman, and there is not necessarily a contradiction in that phrase. Harrow, Oxford, sport, and travel gave him all the ordinary qualities and manners of the well-to-do upper classes, together with an intimate knowledge of their interests and etiquette. Imaginative sympathy with other people added a punctilious courtesy which is always called old-fashioned because it is always rare; and association with men and women who are outwardly well-behaved gave him the self-restraint and decency that are the marks of good breeding both in life and literature. Perhaps that was why he has often been disparaged as "Victorian" by writers and critics who possessed neither self-restraint nor decency.

In Oxford he acquired the Oxford man's habit of reasonable hesitation—the open mind which sees both sides of almost every question until decision becomes difficult, and the mind hesitates to give a definite opinion. In most controversies he was unwilling to take sides, and one could almost see the balance in his mind swinging this way and that. By hesitating to take sides he remained entirely free from rhetoric and the display of passion. Hence his unwillingness to espouse "causes" or to sign public letters of protest in the papers. But when once indignation overcame him, his mind was firmly made up, his pale face would flush a little, and his whole aspect hardened.

It was cruelty and injustice that moved him most—the cruelty of flogging, solitary imprisonment, and the slaughter-houses; the injustice of our law courts.

This hatred of injustice made him sympathise with the movement for Woman Suffrage, even with the Suffragettes, though his nature was opposed to violence. Though he abhorred cruelty, his early life as a sportsman induced sympathy with all animals. When first I knew him he was specially devoted to a beautiful cocker spaniel, but one day, on going with him and Mrs. Galsworthy to a dramatic rehearsal, I noticed that both were deeply moved, even to tears. The cocker spaniel had died.

It is hard to imagine that modesty can be excessive, least of all in a novelist, but I sometimes thought Galsworthy modest almost to self-consciousness. As a member of the P.E.N. Club, of which he was the industrious and inspiring president, I was once driving with him from The Hague to Rotterdam, and our car arrived half an hour before the rest of the party. A lot of photographers were waiting on the steps of the town hall, obviously waiting for him alone. As a fellow-journalist, I pitied them, and urged him to leave the car and announce himself so as to save their time. But no persuasion touched him. He leant back in the car and refused to move until the common crowd came up, and he could be lost in it. When he sometimes came to the *Nation* lunch under our great editor, H. W. Massingham, he would sit grave and watchful but silent, hardly ever expressing an opinion, and on all occasions he was so well and modestly dressed that one never noticed how well dressed he was.

If I should suggest another weakness, I should say that, owing to his gentlemanly upbringing, he remained ignorant of the English working people, and when he touches upon them in his novels one feels that his representation is drawn mainly from the outside, not like the characters in the Forsyte or the Pendryce families. Certainly this was not from want of sympathy, for in some of the dramas, such as "The Silver Box" and "The Pigeon," the sympathy is evident, but when he turns to the upper-middle classes we know he is at home.

Enough of finding weaknesses in so fine and noble a personality always driven forward by genius. If I add one more word of praise, it is for his zeal on behalf of international knowledge and the peace that may come from knowledge alone. That was why he hoped so much from the international system of the P.E.N. Club. For, after long experience in many lands, I come to the conclusion that the more we know of other peoples, the better we like them. To most Englishmen this seems a paradox, but I have found it true, and Galsworthy knew and acted on it.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

From Sir William Rothenstein :

The Editor of *THE BOOKMAN* has asked me to write a few lines on John Galsworthy. I can add little to the many tributes offered. It was through Joseph Conrad that I first met John Galsworthy, just thirty years ago. "Jack" was the cherished friend, to whom every one at the little Pent Farm looked for understanding and support in the difficulties of a household dependent on literature. I find it difficult to realise that Galsworthy was then a young man of thirty-five; he struck me as being already grave, responsible, and somewhat aloof. Though his junior by five years, I had painted far longer than he had written. He had not yet used his own name as an author, though Conrad urged me to read—was it "The Villa Rubein"?

The friendship then begun was never broken. With the years my regard for the writer and affection for the man ripened. For Galsworthy as an artist had a quality that appealed to me strongly—integrity in representation combined with a consistent gallantry of outlook on mankind. Of him it may well be said: "He hath done the thing which is right, and spoken the truth from his heart."

WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN.

GEORGE MOORE

By W. Francis Aitken

A writer who hid his inner self behind avowals and confessions remarkable chiefly as dramatised introspection, George Moore has left us a life-story as impressive and as interesting in its way as any one of his books, and it is well that Mr. Charles Morgan is to write it. He was magnetic and at heart kindly, but with many antipathies, a man of moods and asperities and capriciousness, given at times to wounding those for whom he had the greatest regard, and of whom two alone, "Æ," the poet and mystic, and John Eglinton, escaped satirical caricature in "Hail and Farewell." Many artists have given us their impressions of him—Manet, Mark Fisher and Orpen among them—but he was ever baffling to complete portraiture, by brush or pen.

He was born eighty years ago in the west of Ireland, at Moore Hall, in County Mayo, at the head of Lake Cara, and never forgot his boyhood memories of its islands lying in misted water, faint as dreams; and if his descent from Sir Thomas More is open to doubt, more than one member of the family won distinction before him. His lifelong hatred of restraint was remarkable even in his early years, though he became a slave to the utmost exigencies of the *mot juste*. There is a memory of him evading his nurse one day in the gardens of St. Stephen's Green, divesting himself of his clothes, and running about naked screaming with joy, a memory that is a kind of figurative forecast of something naked by the banks of the Thames against a background of London grime. The first book in which he took any interest was a volume of Shelley. It got him into trouble when he was sent to Oscott College, Birmingham, which he soon left, to his own relief and that of his priestly superiors, and where he was flogged for not going to confession—he who was to spend so much of his after-life in writing confessions. There followed a period of art study in London, the refusal of a military career; and then, on succeeding to the family estate, he went to Paris, where for ten years he tried vainly to become a painter and mingled freely in the art and literary circles of the French capital, leaving his mark in the Nouvelles Athènes café in the Place Pigalle, at the foot of Montmartre.

He made his entry into English literature with two volumes of verse, echoes of Beaudelaire: "Flowers of Passion" and "Pagan Poems"—which Edmund Yates said called for a whipping at the cart's tail—and a five-act tragedy in blank verse, "Martin Luther," in which he collaborated with his friend Bernard Lopez. He has told us that, warned by the futility of the education given at the Beaux Arts and at Julien's, he undertook his own literary education. "In literature," he said, "it is nearly always the self-educated man who distinguishes himself." But he was a sponge before he became a vertebrate. The character of his early books took colour, partly, from the movements of the time, a time when "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts" and "The Kreutzer Sonata" were setting the critics by the ears; when Henry Vizetelly was twice prosecuted for publishing translations of Zola, one of Moore's early models; when W. T. Stead published "The Maiden Tribute"; when the little world of gossip writers was bounded by the Café Royal, Rule's, Romano's, the Gaiety bar, and the Empire promenade, when freedom was not only called for but expressed in such brilliantly scurrilous organs as *The Bat* and *The Hawk*. In this, his "sponge" period, came Moore's novels of art and theatrical life, "A Modern Lover" and "A Mummers Wife." They were banned by the libraries. He attacked the libraries in a vigorous and now rare pamphlet, "Literature at Nurse," and soon threw another "realistic" novel into the critical maelstrom—"A Drama in Muslin," which was followed by "Parnell and His Island"—written first for a French journal—"A Mere Accident," "Confessions of a Young

Man," three other novels of an indifferent kind in "Spring Days," "Mike Fletcher" and "Vain Fortune," a three-act play, "The Strike at Arlingford," and a notable essay in art criticism, "Modern Painting." Was there any blossom left to break to flower?

The answer came, when he was forty, in "Esther Waters," a story of humble mother-love which many regard as its author's best claim to remembrance as novelist. This was followed by "Celibates," with its portrait of one of the first of the New Women in Mildred Lawson; "Evelyn Innes," a novel of musical life and musical appreciation; and then came the extraordinary ten years of life in Ireland and the author's association with the Celtic Renaissance, a period marked by a five-act satirical comedy, "The Bending of the Bough," a sequel to "Evelyn Innes" in "Sister Teresa," collaboration with W. B. Yeats in another Irish play, "Diarmuid and Grania," "The Untilled Field," a book of short stories notable for their romantic pictures of Irish life; "The Lake," an Irish novel; "Memoirs of My Dead Life," the provocative trilogy of "Hail and Farewell," which stirred all literary Dublin to rage and laughter and bitterness; and its author's formal recantation of his nominal Catholicism and his return to England.

By now Moore had sloughed his naturalism and become vertebrate. That pictorial art still interested him is witnessed by his little book on "The Royal Academy, 1895," with caricatures by Harry Furniss; and "Reminiscences of Impressionist Painters" (the school of idolised Manet). Before "The Brook Kerith: a Syrian Story," the work in which he most nearly approached his ideal of the melodic line—an ideal of style which aimed beyond the *mot juste* to the achievement of harmony in the theme as a whole, to a smoothness of narrative comparable to the Swan *motif* in "Lohengrin" (Chopin and Wagner seem to have been his favourite composers)—there came its forecasting shadow, "The Apostle," a scenario in three acts; a dramatisation of "Esther Waters," and "Elizabeth Cooper," a three-act comedy.

There was a sad falling off in the novel, "Lewis Seymour and Some Women," followed by "A Story-Teller's Holiday," the "Avowals," "The Coming of Gabriel," a comedy; and then a taking up of Charles de Rémusat's challenge in the fictional rendering of the immortal story of "Héloïse and Abélard," with its vivid transcript of life and thought in medieval France. The tale of his work ended with "In Single Strictness," "Conversations in Ebury Street," a translation of "Daphnis and Chloe," "Peronik the Fool," "Ulick and Soracha," a Celtic romance; "The Making of an Immortal," a one-act play of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare; "The Passing of the Essenes," another play; "Aphrodite in Aulis," his last completed essay in fiction; and the unfinished "Communication to My Friends."

For the last twenty years of his life he was occupied largely with an exacting revision of his works, many of which were issued in limited editions. "I suppose," Whistler once asked him, "nothing matters to you but your writing?" Truly, in revision, Moore followed, on this side of sanity, the artist in Zola's "L'Œuvre." Was the result worth the effort? Will the art suffice to make posterity accept the naturalism and the retelling on legendary lines of the story told for all time in the New Testament? Will this style, now praised so highly, serve for George Moore as his toilet served for the naked Odysseus in Phæacia? Time alone will tell. Meanwhile it is worth recording that, despite the malice of "Hail and Farewell," he was welcomed to the new Irish Academy and, on his side, bequeathed the portrait of his grandfather by James Wyatt to the National Gallery, Dublin.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

By de V. Payen-Payne

Over a score of generations of students owe most of what they know of English or French literature to the works of George Saintsbury, probably the most untiring reader and writer of what is worth while since the invention of the art of writing.

Saintsbury was born at Southampton in 1845; after successful careers at King's College School and Merton College, Oxford, he became an assistant master at Manchester Grammar School and at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, and then head of the Elgin Educational Institute. But in 1876 he was fortunate enough to free himself from the teacher's lot, and came to London to make a living as a free-lance journalist, to the surprise of Andrew Lang, another son of Merton and a colleague in journalism, who was astonished when Saintsbury told him he had no inherited money and hoped to live entirely by his pen. He had married in 1868.

In this second phase of his career he was the backbone of the old *Saturday Review*, that diehard Tory weekly owned by Beresford Hope, who gathered round him so many famous writers, equalled only by Henley and the *National Observer* in the nineties. What a chance for a modern Landor to write a conversation between Saintsbury and Henley in the Elysian Fields, so alike in their politics and their love of literature, so different in their outlook on religion and morals!

After twenty years of very hard work at journalism and authorship, he was offered the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature at Edinburgh in succession to Masson, the biographer of Milton. There he remained for twenty years, teaching large classes of students of all kinds, among whom was Charles Scott-Moncrieff; then in retirement at Bath, a worthy retreat for the author of "The Peace of the Augustans," he continued to work for eighteen years more.

His first book was that slim "Primer of French Literature," published in 1880, from which so many have gained their first ideas of a literature as distinguished as our own, though so different. This was followed by a more mature "History of French Literature," with an accompanying volume of Specimens. In English he is best known by his "Short History of English Literature," his "History of Criticism" and "History of English Prosody." His "History of the French Novel" proved that even the interminable romances of the eighteenth century had not rebuffed him. Dozens of other volumes came from his untiring pen, but he will probably be remembered best by four volumes of his vigorous old age: "Notes on a Cellar Book" and the three "Scrap Books." For Saintsbury was no dryasdust; he enjoyed life in every way; his

judgment was just, if sometimes, like Dr. Johnson, too severe on the Whig dogs.

The greatest fault ascribed to him is that his style was crabbed, involved and lacking in that *clarté* that his French reading should have taught him. The complaint is true; the reader must put up with a rough manner for the sake of a matter full of information and accuracy.

What kindness of heart he had! The lowliest scholar who appealed to him was never sent empty away. And the reply came so quickly that one thought the letters had crossed; though it must be admitted that the writing usually took two days to decipher. (They kept special compositors for him at both newspaper and printing houses.) It is unlikely that any future critic will ever be able to cover the whole ground of two literatures as he did; for the flood of books that pours from the press will render that impossible.

The ways of the modern newspaper are interesting to the observer: *The Times* gave two columns to his obituary notice; the *Daily Express* gave six lines at the bottom of a column.



George Saintsbury.

Photo by Moffat.

Correspondence

The Late George Moore

SIR,

The English world of letters must be ever grateful to George Moore for having discovered for them Paul Verlaine, that extraordinary French genius and

poet who was once a French teacher in English schools. The analogy between Verlaine and Villon, that vagabond-poet of the Middle Ages, Moore made evident when he showed how the devotional verses of Verlaine were, without suspicion of plagiarism, an elaboration of Villon's "Ballade to his Mother."

The discovery of two other French poets, Arthur Rimbaud and Jules Laforgue, must also be credited to the bi-linguist, George Moore, who was also to write "first about that ineffable book, 'A Rebours.'"

As all men of letters know, Moore's one great ambition was to be a painter, and his many fruitless efforts in this direction were more than suggested in his own question, "Is not an insufficient talent the most cruel of all temptations?" It has been said that Moore cared more about writing beautiful prose than anything else, execution being more important to him than subject, and this is true in showing how far the later Moore came under the influence of Flaubert whose methods he so laboriously followed after he had discovered that his abandoned Zola was but "a striking instance of the insanity of common sense."

Yours, etc.

CLAUDE V. WHITE.

STATE PUBLISHING IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By Sidney Webb (Lord Passfield)

We seldom think of His Majesty the King as the head of a publishing house, but the British Empire, in all its various governments, ranks as a Leviathan in the publishing business of the world, and the British Stationery Office alone publishes more than any other government department in Western Europe. But these hardly compete with the profitable book and newspaper enterprises of Paternoster Row and Fleet Street. Only in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has the government, as part of its deliberate replanning of the social environment, undertaken the whole of the supply of books and pamphlets, newspapers and magazines for all its people.

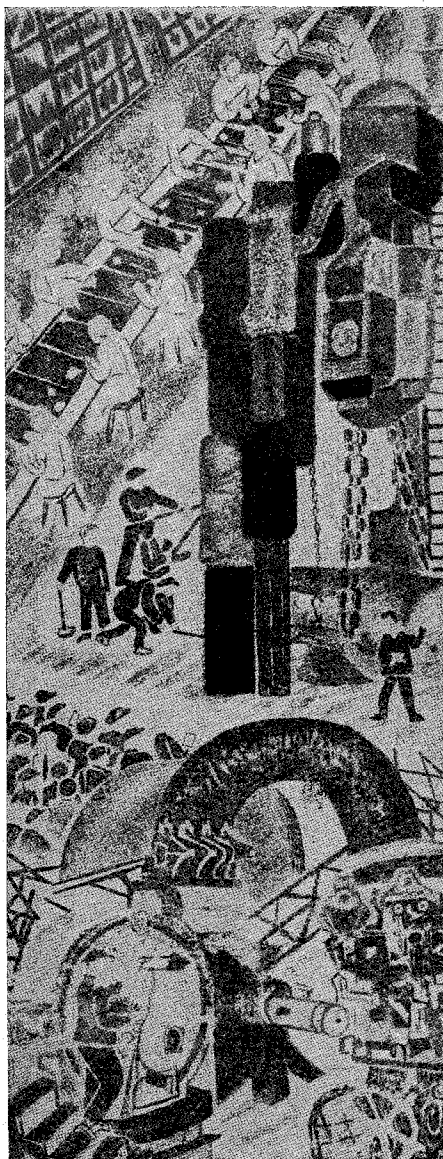
This gigantic enterprise is not concentrated in a single monopoly. There are, as will be explained, many scores of publishing centres in the U.S.S.R., but not one is carried on for private profit, and all are closely connected with Ogis (pronounced Awgheez, formerly Gosisdat) the great State Publishing House at Moscow. This one publishing office, founded in 1919, was selling, during 1932, over six hundred million copies of nearly 40,000 newly-published books and pamphlets, comprising nearly three thousand million sheets of print (each sheet being 16 pages or 40,000 letters—say, 8,000 English words). This is a greater number of separate titles than are published annually in Germany and Great Britain put together, and nearly always in vastly greater editions than are issued in these or any other countries. But these statistics refer only to "Russia proper," the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic. The Ukrainian Republic has its own State Publishing House (DWO), which issues, in the Ukrainian language, more than five thousand new titles a year. Each of the other federated republics has likewise its own publishing centre, on a smaller scale. The trade unions and the consumers' co-operative societies, the Red Army and many of the larger factories, as well as various smaller bodies, publish their own literature at many different centres. The Minister of Education has (since 1931) a separate publishing organisation for scientific and technical books, acting under his own authority. There are also various government commissions issuing series of histories of the civil war, histories of particular factories, and what not. There is a quasi-official Leningrad Writers' Federation, and there are various other similar bodies issuing their own books. So (since 1931) does the Communist Party. The great daily newspapers are mostly published by separate organisations. Thus there is no dearth of publishers in Soviet Russia, all of them governmental in character, and none of them working for private profit. Among them they now publish, in the U.S.S.R., annually about fifty thousand new books and pamphlets in about nine million copies; together with nearly six thousand separate newspapers, magazines and reviews, with an aggregate circulation, daily, weekly or monthly, that approaches forty million copies. This seems at least

to equal the total output of all the publishers for the much larger population of Germany, Great Britain and the United States put together. And this in a nation which, only twenty years ago, had about half its adult population actually illiterate!

The amazing magnitude of the Soviet publishing business has been reached only after thirteen years of persistent effort. In 1914 what was then the record aggregate of 130 million copies of books and pamphlets were issued by all the publishing agencies in Tsarist Russia. For a whole decade after the Revolution the increase was gradual and slow, the total issues in the U.S.S.R. not reaching double the 1914 total until 1928. During the last four years (1929–32) the total for 1928 has been trebled. In the current year (1933) it is estimated that nearly eight times as many copies of books and pamphlets will be distributed as in the year before the revolution, being half a dozen for each man, woman and child between the Baltic and the Pacific. Of periodical publications such as newspapers (there are fifty-seven separate "dailies"), magazines and reviews, the total average circulation throughout the year 1928 had, in fifteen years, merely trebled. By 1933 it has again trebled, being now more than nine times the total for 1913, and amounting approximately to one of each issue for every household in the whole of the U.S.S.R.

And the business is a profitable one to the Government Treasury. The gross cash receipts of the Moscow Publishing House (Ogis) alone have doubled since 1924, and in 1932 exceeded 250 million roubles (at par, 25 million pounds). This included the incidental trade of its own retail shops in stationery, etc., and also the sales of the books of other publishing agencies. The proceeds of its own books and pamphlets were 120 million roubles. The net profit obtained from this one establishment by the State Treasury exceeds thirty million roubles annually (at par, three million pounds). The magnitude, alike of the publishing business and of the pecuniary profit that it makes for the Soviet Government, is however of less interest than the wide range of its operations, the great variety of its publications, the character of its dealings with authors, the certainty and continuity of the popular demand that it meets, its economical methods of distribution, and last but not least the censorship to which it is subjected.

It was Lenin's programme when, in 1919, the State Publishing House was established at Moscow, to bring to every family in the land, in their several mother tongues, by means of cheap editions running into many thousands of copies, every kind of book deemed necessary for their culture. It was not merely the means of livelihood that the Bolshevik revolution intended to bring to the masses, but also the means of intellectual life. Put succinctly, what the Soviet Government aims at accomplishing is the substitution of a planned for a haphazard mental environment for every citizen. Books



An Illustration from "Thirteen Octobers."

and pamphlets, newspapers and magazines, in the view that Lenin pressed on his colleagues, constitute far too important a part of the social environment to be left to chance, or to the perversions of capitalists aiming primarily at their own pecuniary profit. Hence the Soviet Government, and not any commercial publisher, has necessarily to plan and decide what shall be printed and published, and at what price.

Putting aside the periodical Press, let us survey the range and variety of this mass of printed matter which, in books and pamphlets, is year by year hurled at the heads of the 160 millions of population between the Baltic and the Pacific. In size and formation it comprises every grade, from a two-page leaflet of a speech by "Comrade Stalin," sold for one-halfpenny (the edition being two millions), up to a translation, in eight large volumes, published in 1931, for the centenary of his birth, of all the works of Charles Darwin. This edition of 10,000 copies was exhausted by May, 1932, and has been replaced by an "Anniversary Edition," also of 10,000, but in ten volumes, which will soon be out of print. A large proportion of the immense output is made up of cheap plain pamphlets of no particular elegance. But there are also big and expensive folio volumes made up of excellent reproductions in colour of the best pictures in the public galleries of the Soviet State. Many of the productions are, in fact, first-rate alike in artistic quality and in technical excellence of workmanship. There are books and pamphlets in more than fifty languages, including not only those of all the racial minorities occupying constituent territories of the U.S.S.R. but also a couple of dozen languages of minorities without separate territories, such as those of the widespread Jews, Gipsies and Syrians; and those of more than a dozen of the nomadic tribes in Central Asia or along the Arctic Ocean from Lapland to Bering Straits, for many of which new alphabets have had to be compiled. Besides works by native authors, there are a large number of translations, principally into Russian and Ukrainian, from German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Swedish and Czech; largely of scientific and technological works, but including also fiction and the drama, history and poetry. The output of music scores, old and new, by composers of all countries is considerable. There is also a large sale of excellent maps, both plain and coloured, at very low prices. It is difficult to ascertain exactly what is the magnitude and proportion of what may be called belles-lettres, but it is said to form as large a percentage of the works published as it did in Tsarist Russia and therefore to be, in actual magnitude, eight times as great. Russian novelists, old as well as new, are certainly well represented in the lists. Many of the best plays and novels of England and America, Germany and France are translated and issued in large editions. For the present year complete translations of Flaubert and Balzac are announced. It is plainly incorrect to say that it is "all propaganda." "Comrade Stalin" is reported to be very fond of the theatre, and to be outspoken in his criticism. After the first performance of a new play, the young author was invited to Stalin's box, to be told: "Your Communism may be all right, but your drama is rotten—read your Shakespeare!"

Perhaps what most surprises the visitor is the magnitude of the editions. At first sight one is struck by the large number of short pamphlets, which might be expected to be thrown about by the ten thousand. But the 600 million copies sold by the Moscow State Publishing House in 1931 actually contained, in the aggregate, 2,800 million sheets. Thus the average for all the forty thousand titles was seventy pages, thus indicating a considerable output of volumes of substantial length. Indeed, the collected works of Marx and Lenin, Goethe and Darwin are issued in sets of ten to thirty thick volumes. The actual average first edition of all the publications of 1929, from pamphlets to big and expensive sets of "works," was 10,700 copies. In 1931 the corresponding average was 25,000. A rough division is made between "mass literature" (meaning pamphlets, outlines and primers, but not children's books) and works of more substantial magnitude. Of "mass literature" in 1929 the average first edition was 16,500;

in 1931 it was 54,000 copies. Of more substantial books, the average first edition was 4,200 in 1929, and 11,600 in 1931. Of children's books, an edition of 200,000 is not uncommon. Any work by Karl Marx or Lenin, however topical or ephemeral, is normally printed in an edition of 100,000. Economists (and their publishers) may be interested to learn that a thick textbook of Political Economy by a Russian professor whose name is unknown in capitalist countries was in 1932 adjudged worth 100,000 copies in its first printing. Of an abstruse scientific treatise of very



A Group of Proletarian Writers.

Fadejew, Olminski, and Slavianski (seated); Abukov and Bogajev (standing).

advanced character, 5,000 copies were struck off to begin with. When Pavlov, the eminent physiologist, produced his latest work, recording the details of his most recent experiments on conditioned reflexes, the Moscow State Publishing House printed 20,000 copies for sale at what was thought a high price, namely seven roubles. The printing manager actually remonstrated against so large an order, and had to be specially assured that it was intended. The whole edition was promptly sold out. What will seem even more remarkable to publishers in every country, not excluding even those of Germany, is the experience in 1932 with the first volume of Hegel's "Encyclopædia of Knowledge," containing the "Logic," which is, even to the learned, a most intractable work. A translation into Russian was printed in 5,000 copies, which were all sold within five days. A second impression of 10,000 was immediately struck off, and this all disappeared within a month. A third impression of 15,000 copies was then issued; and three months later, when inquiry was made, it was reported to be still selling steadily, and likely to be out of print within the year. It seems, therefore, that even these immense editions do not satisfy the demand. When remonstrated with for not printing enough, the Moscow State Publishing House explains that it can never get enough paper. In spite of a great and continuous increase in the output of the Russian paper mills, there is never enough for the publishers. Appeals for more have, so far, had to be refused by the authorities controlling the Five Year Plan, on the ground that no greater addition of labour-force can be spared for paper-making, whilst all the "valuta" produced by the Soviet exports is imperatively needed to

pay for imports that are more pressingly required than additional paper. The Moscow State Publishing House accordingly declares that it is suffering from chronic "paper starvation."

The distribution over so vast an area of this immense mass of books and pamphlets is a great and growing task. The Moscow State Publishing House, which is responsible for at least three-quarters of the whole issue of books and pamphlets in the U.S.S.R., had, in 1932, more than 7,000 distributing points under its own direct administration. But the whole service of distribution has now been placed under a separate board of directors. There are, it is learnt, over 70 branches, more than 200 retail shops and 400 kiosks in the cities, with over 100 village bookshops and no fewer than 6,000 village kiosks scattered all over the country. These retail shops and kiosks are kept by men or women receiving a small fixed salary together with a bonus varying according to their total sales. Many of the smaller ones afford convenient places of asylum for partially-disabled workmen or soldiers, or for their widows. In addition to these 7,000 directly administered retail selling points, the Moscow distributing organisation supplies the bookstalls which the railway administration maintains at the larger stations, and also such of the 46,000 separate consumers' co-operative societies as deal in books. It utilises also the distributing organisations of the other publishing agencies, such as those of Ukraina and of the smaller constituent republics; those of the

Ministry of Education for school books as well as for scientific and technical works; and, to some extent, the local branches of the Communist Party. It is to be noted that no use is made in book distribution of the services of travellers, nor yet of peripatetic salesmen or pedlars. There is practically no advertisement of new books in the extensive newspaper press; nor is there any but the slightest "advertisement by reviewing" in any of the thousands of periodicals. Nor is there any systematic employment of the post office. It is curious that, whilst every post office in the U.S.S.R. (as in Germany) will receive orders for periodicals, no arrangement is made for receiving orders for books or pamphlets, even if the price is paid with the order. In Germany and in other capitalist countries any such extension to books of the service found so useful for periodicals would be resisted by the powerful bookselling trade. In the U.S.S.R., where such an extension would be of great social value, there would be no similar opposition to meet. Probably the obstacle has hitherto lain in the low grade of efficiency of the Soviet postal service, in which an inadequate and insufficiently trained staff strives in vain to cope with an ever increasing postal traffic. This however is in process of improvement. There is in Soviet Russia so much difficulty in promptly getting books outside the great cities that, at the earliest possible moment, every village post office in the U.S.S.R. ought to be made, in conjunction with the money-order system, an ordering point for books and pamphlets as it is already for periodicals, if only for such titles as might be included in select monthly lists to be displayed at each office. Meanwhile the Moscow State Publishing House relies principally on its own regularly published

library lists, which are sent out gratuitously in two forms. One, containing some 600 titles of the week's publications, with size and price, is posted every six days to some 2,000 addresses, largely in and about Moscow itself, of the principal book-buying libraries and clubs. The other, entitled "The Soviet Book Trade," is a combination of catalogue and review, affording descriptions of the contents of the new publications, which is published in 15,000 copies about every ten days, and is sent to every known persistent book-buyer in the R.S.F.S.R. In the other republics much the same organisation seems to prevail. Taken all in all, the book and pamphlet distributing system in the U.S.S.R., though serving a far greater area, is evidently much less expensive than those of the United States and Great Britain, and less expensive in proportion to output even than that of Germany.

The system of book distribution in the U.S.S.R. cannot be understood until it is realised that, to a greater extent

than in any other country, it is one of mass supply. Text-books for use in the elementary and other schools, where nearly twenty millions of boys and girls are actually in attendance, are naturally absorbed in great masses, and have to be printed in colossal editions. But there is also a great variety of other small books and pamphlets, published at low prices for popular reading, such as speeches, outlines and primers, which are classified as "mass literature," and supplied in large parcels to all sorts of distributing agencies. It is easy to understand that this part of the



The book stalls under the old Chinese Wall do a large trade in new books as well as in second-hands. Most of these stalls belong to publishing houses.

output requires no expensive publicity. What is more remarkable is the rapidity with which relatively expensive books of scholarship and advanced treatises on serious subjects are disposed of with the very minimum of advertisement. Here the explanation is to be found in the great development of what is termed the "organised reader." There are, it is estimated, literally tens of thousands of permanent libraries in the U.S.S.R., each of them provided with funds for purchases of new books. Not only every educational institution, from the highest to the lowest, but also nearly every club or trade union branch, every co-operative society or branch of the Communist Party, and many other organisations, strives to have its own collection of books, which it is always endeavouring to keep up to date. No sooner is a new book announced in the current issue of the catalogue than orders pour in from these libraries. This explains the extraordinary speed at which even large editions go out of print. University professors at Kieff or Kharkoff complain that, when a book on their subject is announced, they must order it instantly. If they delay, even for a few days, they run the gravest risk of hearing that every copy has been already sold. Then there are the regular students among the ten thousand professors and lecturers in the scores of universities and the thousands of other higher centres of learning; the half-million teachers in the elementary and secondary schools; and the millions of students with whom they have to deal. Beyond all these there are the millions of artisans and peasants who are now being stirred up in a development of evening classes and technical courses of various kinds.

(To be concluded)

“GHOSTIES AND GHOULIES”—*continued*

Uses of the Supernatural in English Fiction

By Mary Butts

So far we have divided the literature of the occult into two classes—those which are written round a theory of the nature of matter, space or time, and those which ask us to believe in no theory. We have observed a few of the second, and that their success depends on evocation, a state (to which “bogy” fear is only the accompaniment) of wonder in its rarest sense, of *clarté*, of a universe enlarged. The first class is more elaborate—exposition of a theory which has to appeal by its interest, by its reasonableness; and we have to be persuaded or half persuaded that our three-dimension space and time arrangements are no more than an arrangement of our senses, a setting for our play; a conception to which science itself, as even the newspapers are beginning to remind us, gives more and more its authority.

Here we are a long way from Professor James and his sheer skill; the divine trick by which the artist draws tales out of anything, raw fish on a plate, a piece of common sentiment; from a god men have long since ceased to pray to; or from things which are not supposed to happen at all. (Or if they ever do happen, make doubly sure of the existence in nature of hideous evil and fear.)

We have glanced at his work, and at the earliest, purest, least theoretic origins of all such work, in the ballads and in the practices of antiquity. While writers such as Hogg and Mr. Wells, Kipling and Mr. Metcalf—to take a few names at hazard—may sometimes assume theory, but they have no theory to back up. It is now time to consider the writers of distinction who have set out to prove a case.

In modern letters, Bulwer Lytton began it. His long short story, “Haunters and Haunted,” is a classic, and is reprinted to-day when boys and girls refuse to read “The Last Days of Pompeii” any more. His theory is explicit. The old London house is what might be called a “mixed haunt.” Ghosts of the evil woman, the drowned man and the child. A host of light balls and elemental shapes. These are set in motion and in different patterns of horror because Cagliostro once lived there, and left behind some sort of focusing and materialising mechanism, closely described, in a space between the walls. A kind of compass, I think, in vibration, which by troubling the atmosphere made the phenomena visible. The word “vibration” starts an old theory—the utility in the Middle Ages of the ringing of bells, whose ringing purified the air, released the holiness stored at the altar for the driving out of evil spirits. Such were the sistra of Isis, descended to-day to the bell-strokes before the Elevation; the drums and flutes of the Bacchantes degraded to the Salvation Army. And many people know what a sudden bell will do. So we arrive at the whole range of the effects of music, from Beethoven to jazz.

“Zanoni” is a full-dress novel. A young man, so far as I remember, wishes to acquire supernatural powers, and accepts the long initiation period supposed necessary for their safe use. Got bored—and no wonder, with the amount of fasting and prayer considered obligatory—for he was to be a respectable magician. Finally, mastered by his impatience—for a young woman, I think, who he hoped to get out of it—he tries a short cut and expires. For the theory go to “Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie,” by Eliphas Lévi; *magnum opus* of the cold Latin-Jewish mind; where the history of the descent of the Logos into matter is described as if Lévi was writing a treatise on cookery. William Butler Yeats said he was a man who would have said anything; though his huge book reads plausibly, not as though he wished to deceive other people, let alone himself. Did any of the experiments, so seriously vouched for, ever come off? Perhaps, but never in the way he expected. On the analogy of the knight’s move, one can say that his work bore fruit, indirectly and successfully, in Huysman’s great novel, “Là-Bas.”

After Bulwer Lytton came a writer to whom Colonel Buchan is again in some sort the successor, Rider Haggard, famous in one’s childhood as Dumas, father in letters to them both. One wrote “King Solomon’s Mines,” the other “Mr. Standfast” and the “Thirty-Nine Steps.” But already in “King Solomon’s Mines” there is a hint of the author’s chief preoccupation, which was to be the theme for his other great success, our youth’s best-seller and even now reprinted—“She” and its sequel, “Ayesha.” Even now in memory they seem to me to be very good books, great illuminators for adolescence; and they are written round theories, so precise and so strongly held as to be the essential structure of the tale and of the writer’s conception of what is most important in life. Moreover one was left at the end sure that Mr. Haggard knew very much more than he cared to write down; that some experience of no common order lay behind the country gentleman turned popular novelist; who laid that aside in turn to become an agricultural expert—like another man of the same order, the Irishman, “Æ.”

This essay is not the place to examine the Celtic field. Ancient or modern, there is too much of it. To-day it can be smug. Can assume, without so much as a polite gesture in the direction of evidence, that it is the mind of the debased Saxon, lost in materialism, which questions the stories of a supernaturally enlightened peasantry on the existence and nature of the Sidhe. Who exist in Ireland for the Irish; sole inspiration of the only art worth mentioning in Europe. I have heard a young woman nationalist say, on what philological grounds I know not, that the Tuatha da Danaan were Homer’s Danaans, come there to repeat Hellenic civilisation. . . .

It is cult that is fatal. And the Irish to-day seem to make of their folk-mythology a national asset. This with admirable exceptions—Lady Gregory’s sober classic, “Vision and Belief in the West of Ireland”; Mr. Yeats, Mr. Stephens and “Æ,” at their best. But in most literature that is specifically “Celtic” there seems to be a shapelessness. Things happen as we know they do not happen, and as we do not want them to happen. The magic princesses—for this is just an explicit in their earliest epics—are too magic. Thirty invincible knights fight thirty invincible giants for thirty nights and days; without, as Professor Murray points out, any interval for meals. Not only do these things not happen; we do not care to pretend that they happen. Nor are they made symbolic for any of the invisible tides in human affairs. Very different are the true countrymen’s stories, of a small, green, strange, gay, earthy, child-stealing folk. Moreover it will be found that an overdose of Celtic “magic” can give one a sense of something very like a special kind of evil, a spiritual quickening that soon turns to poison, as it might be from some drug.

Compare some of those stories with True Thomas’s sober tale, stirring a hope in most hearts that in some way it might be possible to share that adventure, to go on that ride.

Compare them again with a supernatural story so good that I have seen it reprinted in a recent anthology, side by side with Bulwer Lytton and Mr. Benson—“Glam’s Ghost,” Chapters xxii to xxv of the Grettir Saga. It is sober, awful and precise. There is “something wrong” up at Thorkall’s sheep pens, and with incomparable skill it is suggested that there is “something wrong” also—though Thorkall does not know it—with the shepherd he has got in to deal with it. The shepherd is found hideously dead. Then his ghost begins to trouble Thorkall’s dwelling and the whole settlement. The description reads like that of a “poltergeist” turned dangerous. Then Grettir arrives to see what he can do. Meets Glam’s ghost in the stables at night, fights with it and destroys it. But the fight has drawn him out under the cold Icelandic moon. It is the

saga's turning-point to tragedy. For the evil spirit, about to be made to depart, speaks; tells Grettir that the encounter has been fatal for him; that he shall grow no stronger; that what he has done, his looking on the ghost's face, shall bring him early to defeat and death. And Grettir, when he has heard that and seen the creature's eyes, kills it. But ever after he fears the dark, and suffers pitifully on account of that fear. Until, not many years later, he is killed—and this time by plain witchcraft—on Drangey.

Observe the knight's move again. While it is impossible to give any idea of the sober precision of the telling. It

might be a report written by an imaginative, simple and accurate person for the Society of Psychical Research. *If it happened at all, it happened like that.*

One of Dr. Hyde's stories, in his classic collection of the best Irish fairy-tales, is on the same matter—an evil corpse, which makes a man carry him on his back, all night, running over stone walls. And there is pure evocation in another, on witches, who come visiting a woman nightly, until a voice out of a well tells her how to be rid of them. "And they departed to Slievenamon which is their chief abode."

(To be concluded)

The Bookman Gallery

A. J. CRONIN

By Grant Uden

The imminent publication of two new novels, "Grand Canary" and "Kaleidoscope in K," from the pen of Doctor A. J. Cronin, is an event of significance in the world of literature, and it is fitting that their appearance should be accompanied by a review of the work that with such remarkable speed has brought its author into the vanguard of contemporary novelists.

It was in a letter from a friend, for whose literary judgment I entertain a vast respect, that I received an emphatic injunction to read "Hatter's Castle." I did so, and stayed up far into the night. Afterwards I passed the book on to another acquaintance. She returned it in two days with the expostulation that it was "horrible." When I demanded an interpretation of that much-abused word, she said the book depressed her; and it is on similar grounds that most of the people one meets who cannot or will not read Cronin make their vague complaint.

But the fact that one may choose to look at the sunshine and suffusing warmth of a picture by Cuyyp rather than the cold grey backgrounds of Leonardo da Vinci is no argument that da Vinci is not a great painter. The analogy is not entirely a haphazard one. For the Italian was a master of expression and contemptuous of a pleasant facial vacuity in his canvases; and Doctor Cronin, in "Hatter's Castle" and "Three Loves," has given us faces and figures delineated with an equal skill and carrying a similar burden of thought and emotion. I am reminded too that the painter owned a lizard over whose head he placed a mask, and for which he fashioned two wings whose insides were painted with quicksilver, so that they glittered with every movement. And if the creatures of Doctor Cronin's mind are not the children of sunlight, they move with strange and compelling lights round them.

The fact is that he has no time for surfaces, the outward placidities, the seemingly pervasive contentment that people, at least in their reading, so willingly allow themselves to be persuaded is life. Underneath there are loves and hates, twisted passions and ambitions, wild hopes and wilder disappointments, the continual battle on the bewildering chequer-board of the mind. These are the realities, the challenging truths that he insists upon.

He has had a better chance than most to probe to the heart of things. Ten years as an extremely busy doctor in a great city must give unusual glimpses of the dramas that are played out in innumerable quiet streets, behind unsuspected doors. Those ten years have left their legacy.

The environment too in which the books were written was responsible for much. Thus "Hatter's Castle" was born in the remoteness of the Scottish Highlands, amid still loch waters and the long blackness of solitary nights. Through its pages moves the dominating figure of James Brodie. This is one of the rare figures in literature (chief among them Macbeth) who, even when they are at the lowest depths of moral rottenness, command a persistent sympathy and even a furtive liking. Brodie dominates the mind of the reader as he dominates his family and his circle of acquaintances, so that only behind his back do they whisper criticism and point to the fantastic house which gives the book its title, and within whose walls so much of the story takes place. The study of Mrs. Brodie

too is a compelling piece of work, and perhaps hers is the most poignant of all the interwoven tragedies of the book. It is characteristic of Cronin that there is no insignificance of the secondary and minor characters. It is impossible in "Hatter's Castle" to point to any figure and say: "This is a mere stage-puppet, a walking-on part." Each character, however brief its appearance, is a finished study, making its own indispensable contribution to the story.

The same might be said of "Three Loves." It is one of the inevitable penalties of writing an extremely successful first novel that people await the second in a frame of mind almost hypercritical. Having watched the sudden blaze of a meteor, they refuse to content themselves with stars. It is by reason of this attitude that "Three Loves" suffered when it first appeared. By now it has assumed its place as a work equally impressive in conception, with the same wealth of care in execution.

Of the new novels, "Grand Canary" is the story of a rationalist doctor whose work has been marred by the blunders of unsympathetic incompetents. He is an embittered misanthrope when a friend persuades him to travel on a boat bound for the Canaries. The account of the voyage, his meeting with the woman destined to have a great changing effect on his mind, their experiences together, including their encounter with an epidemic, and the doctor's final return to England with an altered, a more altruistic outlook towards humanity, is a book staged against a more romantic background than any of the other three.

The second new publication, "Kaleidoscope in K," is heralded as being the best thing that Doctor Cronin has yet accomplished. It is a study of a day's life in one ward of a great hospital, a small pulse in the body of the city that surrounds it, envelops it, presses in on it with a suffocating ruthlessness. Outside are the millions of hurrying feet, the sea of faces, the roar of traffic; inside are doctor, nurse and patient, moving in the well-ordered quiet of K. But in the hands of the author those few figures constitute a world as vital, as full of interplaying laughter and tragedy, as the greater world outside.

If there is any change to be remarked in these later books, it will be found in the cutting-out of all superfluity, anything that might approach verbiage. Doctor Cronin is not a writer who wanders vaguely from chapter to chapter. When he begins to write the conception is complete. And there is no rest for him until the work is finished.

Whether it is to be regretted that his earlier years produced none of that labour is a debatable point. Possibly, had he began writing at a more usual age, he would not have won the recognition that is his now. He himself believes that maturity and deep experience are essentials for the writing of any great novel. To youth belongs the momentary inspiration, the sudden flash of greatness. But a novel is not a momentary affair. To rise, like Prometheus, and attempt to snatch sufficient fire from the gods to light five or six hundred pages, is an aspiration doomed to failure. The novelist must content himself with the more humble yet warmer flame that comes from the hearths along the ways of men.

MORE THOUGHTS ON WAR

War and Civilisation.

By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.
10s. (Duckworth.)

Unwilling Passenger.

By Arthur Osburn. 10s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

These two books, written from entirely different points of view, and differing largely in scope, arrive at similar conclusions, which may be roughly stated as, in the first place, that war is the most futile abomination conceivable, and secondly that if and when the "next war" arrives the lot of the civilian, of women, and children, will be indistinguishable in horror from that of the soldier. Both the authors have the greatest contempt for the propaganda which was such a feature of the Great War. General Fuller declares that all sense of justice was cast aside, the more outrageous the lie the more potent it was supposed to be. Colonel Osburn states that "Propaganda only made us more capable of behaving towards the Germans in a way similar to that in which our propagandists had at first more or less untruthfully alleged the Germans behaved towards us." Further, he declares, "Those in a position to know assure us that every government in Europe had got ready pigeon-holed, for use as propaganda, an invented series of horrible tales concerning the poisoning of wells, the raping of children and nuns," and so on.

Major-General Fuller's volume is a study of war as a political instrument and the expression of mass democracy. He opens with the year of Waterloo and asserts that between 1815 and 1848 two revolutionary waves swept over Europe, the clash between democratic freedom begotten by the French Revolution and aristocratic autocracy as represented by the Metternich school. After 1848 the Western world was turned upside down, the people had come into their own, and, ignorant, envious and quarrelsome, they attempted to discover a short cut to a social heaven by building a second tower of Babel, this time founded on gold. In support of his thesis General Fuller examines the wars of the last hundred years, as well as all the peaceful intervals between them, and shows that they are the two sides of the same thing, namely economic nationalism. General Fuller is distinctly of opinion that democracy has made a mess of things. For, as he declares, when kings led their hosts to battle "valour" was their watchword, but when democracies take command it is "cunning fear." Not that the soldiers of to-day are less brave, but that the civilian population is more terrified. It has always been so, because the masses lack discipline; but, compared with former times, the difference to-day is that then the common folk were spectators whilst now they are dictators.

"Unwilling Passenger" is, for the first half of it at any rate, a very much simpler business. The author was medical officer to the 4th Dragoon Guards in 1914 and took part with his regiment in the retreat from Mons, and in the subsequent advance, until he was invalided in October, 1914. Not many books have been written of the retreat, for it was a "regular" soldier business, and the bulk of war literature has come from "temporary" officers and men. The account here given is extraordinarily vivid, and the fact that the author had previously served as a trooper in the South African War in a mounted unit enabled him to view the operations with something more than a mere "passenger's" eye. There is a particularly valuable "close-up" of St. Quentin on August 27th and an account of the unfortunate, and now forgotten, capitulation. It is however a mere commonplace to say that to any single observer it is given only to witness a corner of any given operation, and, although the confusion in St. Quentin undoubtedly existed, it must be remembered that the great bulk of the Second Corps very quickly recovered its cohesion after Le Cateau. The second part of the book consists mainly of reflections of the author, induced by his experiences of 1914 and other eras of the War in France. These are written with great vigour. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that the common denominator of these two books is a hearty contempt for the propaganda of "democratic" journalism.

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The Bookshelf

GENERAL GORDON

By Geoffrey West

Gordon : An Intimate Portrait.

By H. E. Wortham. 12s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Gordon : The Sudan and Slavery.

By Pierre Crabitès. 12s. 6d. (Routledge.)

Mr. H. E. Wortham's biography of Gordon is an absolutely first-rate piece of work. Criticism—*anglice*, reviewing—should (pretend to) be quite impersonal, but let me pay Mr. Wortham the tribute of a personal confession. Gordon is a figure of permanent interest in the gallery of British "soldiers and heroes"; to deny that is simply to declare one's own lack of response. But at the moment Mr. Wortham's book came to me, Gordon was perhaps the last man I wanted to read about. I had just read a couple of rather ponderous books on the subject, and felt that they sufficed me. Gordon me no more Gordons! Still, I conscientiously opened Mr. Wortham and began to read his prologue describing Colonel Gordon's attendance at the Prince of Wales's levee at St. James's Palace in 1880. Within two pages I succumbed; so well was it done, so capably and vividly, and yet without any attempt at smartness or superiority, that I was almost prepared to read Mr. Wortham on any subject he cared to write about.

And the book sustains the promise of its opening. It is a full-dress biography, a full-length portrait, executed with skill, knowledge, penetration, and proportion. The interest is, as it should be, in Gordon the man, and his curious simple-complex character is diagnosed with sureness and understanding:

"Though the most single-minded of men, Gordon had no singleness of purpose. . . . He never could decide what he really wanted. He was tortured by ambition, and tortured by his conscience for being ambitious. He burned with a missionary zeal, yet he believed that only in seclusion could the spiritual life be cultivated. A professional soldier who loved war, he yearned for the rôle of mystic. He professed to believe that the spiritual life was the only true one, yet he realised nothing of the intellectual subordination on which this must rest; was in fact bored when the solitude of religion presented itself as more than a recreation from the labours and disillusion of the life of action. . . . He was contemptuous of the world, and yet he simply could not give the world up. He wrestled with 'Agag'—the giant in him who hankered after praise and fame. Holding the views he did, he knew it was wrong to wish, in his own words, 'to hail the tram of the world.' But he boarded it nevertheless."

Such contradictions confounded him, and made his career less a progress than, in his biographer's phrase, a series of brilliant episodes.

Mr. Wortham deals with them one by one. Dramatic misfortune has centred attention upon Gordon's Sudanese adventures; but he was "Chinese Gordon" long before ever fate connected his name with Khartoum, and here we have the whole story: the Woolwich boyhood, the first taste of war in the Crimea, then the Chinese campaigns compact of cruelty, treachery and blood, the six peaceful years at Gravesend, the Danube Commission, the first five years in the Sudan, the wanderings to China again, the Cape and Palestine, and at last the final tragedy. It is all admirably done, and if Mr. Wortham has had the advantage over other biographers of access to the *entire* collection of Gordon's letters to his sister Augusta, nevertheless he owes quite as much to his own innate gifts as biographer. He has regarded Gordon not uncritically, but in the main, I think, justly.

Mr. Crabitès concentrates on the last ten years; he gives half of Mr. Wortham's book in three or four pages. His study is, the publishers say, "a final vindication of one of the greatest Englishmen of the nineteenth or of any other century." That Gordon more than most of his day and profession deserved tribute not only as soldier but as "Christian and gentleman" also, has been generally admitted, yet he has not escaped a criticism

more stringent than Mr. Wortham's. There was the minor charge, popularised though not first proposed by Lytton Strachey, of his addiction—upon occasion—to the brandy bottle. There was the larger accusation of instability of character and purpose, in regard especially to the conduct of his Sudanese campaigns and their aim of abolishing slavery there. There was also the incidental criticism which may be given in Lord Cromer's words: "The truth is that General Gordon was above all things a soldier, a very bellicose soldier. His fighting instincts were too strong to admit of his working heartily in the interests of peace."

These and all other such suggestions Mr. Crabitès is at pains to rebut. By tracing the Strachey story back to its origins he is able to show what a very slender basis of fact it rests upon—so slender indeed that for all practical purposes it may be said to have been dissolved away. As for the charge of bellicosity, Mr. Crabitès seeks to display him as a fighter certainly, but never for fighting's sake. "He was a nineteenth century crusader, and war on slavery was his shibboleth." Even his sincerity, or his constancy, in that connection was questioned by his critics at home, who noted how he permitted domestic slavery to continue when by an order he might have abolished it. Ah, says Mr. Crabitès, and surely plausibly, but if Gordon was a man of God, a mystic even, he was at the same time a realist, observing both clauses of the Puritan maxim: "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry." He believed in predestination but he carried a medicine chest. And so in dealing with slavery "he thought in terms of men and women, not of theories and institutions." A social system cannot be changed in a twinkling, save at the cost of frightful suffering to the innocent. Given the slaves, torn from their homes, carried across lake or sea and desert past possibility of restoration—and slavery gave them at least homes and food. The slave trade was the root evil, to be fought with all the power to one's hand, and Mr. Crabitès shows how in this matter Gordon's attitude was consistent, and how his eagerness to accept King Leopold's invitation to go to the Congo sprang from his feeling "that that region was then the strategic point where the slave trade could best be dealt a mortal blow."

He went, instead, to Khartoum and his death, a tragedy brought about, as both his biographers show, by the vacillations of a Government unable to make up its mind on a matter it had no taste for. When at last it did resolve upon measures amply sufficient even a little earlier, it was, as so often happens, too late.

Mr. Crabitès is very staid in his narrative, if also very clear and definite. The student will find his careful monograph valuable, even if he wonders a little by what standard the worthy, loyal, conscientious Gordon is to be set amongst "the *greatest* Englishmen of the nineteenth or of *any other* century"! But it is to Mr. Wortham that "the ordinary reader" should go—first, at any rate.

WHO SPOKE LAST?

By John V. Turner. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

If the Public Prosecutor's Office retains the services of many such odd creatures as Mr. Amos Petrie it must be a queer institution. Mr. Petrie is at once a solicitor, a fishing enthusiast, and the leading character of Mr. John V. Turner's book "Who Spoke Last?" Mr. Petrie investigates one of those City financial crashes reminiscent of the Hatry affair, and his methods are peculiar. "This room seems so restful, with its nice furniture, and its corpse, and the blood on the carpet, and the stalwart policeman," he remarks as he chuckles over the murdered man. Nasty fellow, Mr. Petrie; and he *does* treat those poor Scotland Yard men like dirt, too! The plot of the book is good; it is a pity it is handled in a vein that approaches the burlesque.

The Writer's News

No. 10

SPRING, 1933

For Literary Aspirants

Free Lessons for New Writers

A Remarkable Offer to Readers of this Magazine

Readers who have literary ambitions are advised to write to the Regent Institute, Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8, for a specimen lesson of the fascinating and practical Course in Journalism and Short Story Writing conducted by that well-known correspondence school.

The great demand for literary work at the present day is indicated by a professional author and journalist in the following interesting article on The New Writer's Chance.

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The Course is extremely fascinating, and the exercises—practical ones designed to produce saleable MSS. at the outset—are adapted to meet each person's special need. As a mental tonic it is wonderful; as a means of increasing income it has amply proved its worth.

If you are one of those with the urge to write you cannot do better than communicate with the Principal, explaining your case, and he will consider you, not necessarily as a prospective student, but as a potential writer. If you are not, he'll tell you so, and in either case there is no obligation.

* * *

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Mr. Chapman, who describes his work as "fragments of autobiography," has written a War book in the same genre as Mr. Blunden's "Undertones," with which it may challenge comparison. Here, as in Mr. Blunden's volume, is a plain record of personal adventure and contacts on the Western Front, written by one whose scholarly background is reflected not only in the fabric of his prose, but in the wide range of felicitous quotations which head the chapters. The comparison however must not be driven too far, and there is certainly no question of imitation. Mr. Chapman, whose narrative rings true in every detail, has his own individual style—less rich and whimsical than Mr. Blunden's, more caustic, but admirably simple, vivid and sensitive.

Mr. Chapman set out for France in July, 1915. His memories of himself as a raw subaltern of a very raw battalion are touched with a humour made grim by the recollection of later experiences. On the Somme, at Arras and Ypres, and during the final offensive of 1918, he saw the War at its worst. Its horrors are rendered with dramatic restraint, and gain in poignancy from the contrasting glimpses, opened to the writer during an interval of duty as a staff officer, of life at Head-quarters, where too many complacent fire-eaters fared luxuriously while planning operations based on perfectly obsolete tactics. Despite the comparative safety of staff service, Mr. Chapman was glad to return to his battalion—which is indeed the central theme and focus of his record, with its fine characterisation. In the fellowship of the battalion—"I was it and it was I"—he found rich compensation for the filth and terrors and insanity from which he shrank; and there are several almost mystical passages in this otherwise very level-headed book that should challenge the friends of peace to seek anew that "moral equivalent for War" without which our civilisation must assuredly flounder.

GILBERT THOMAS.

AFRICA NOTWITHSTANDING.

By Kenneth Bradley. 8s. 6d. net. (Lovat Dickson.)

Mr. Kenneth Bradley, a district official of long standing in Northern Rhodesia—the territory the administrative centre of which is Livingstone, as against the more familiar Southern Rhodesia, with Salisbury as capital—presents here four stories of native life, with a preface which, like the stories, reveals intimate knowledge and imaginative thought and sympathy—that sympathy not always the gift of those whom routine and autocratic powers are apt to harden in their dealings with the vast and wellnigh helpless Bantu.

These stories achieve added attraction by their wide variety. The first is of a man-eating lion, and by its telling definitely ranks as one of the best of recent years on a basis of truth and on a well-worn theme. The second is the tale of a native who, having absorbed by association as a servant a good deal that is best of the white man's outlook, returns thus equipped to his kraal home and a strange fate. It is deeply interesting, and should incidentally be something of an eye-opener to those who talk about but do not know at first hand of the subtle difficulties of the clash of black and white. As a story it derives its chief interest, as a story must, from the style of its telling; it is a fine piece of dramatic realism wholly unforced. Kaola, the shortest item in the book, is more conventionally mysterious; and the last story is a well-constructed narrative with its theme the bewilderments of a young European's first big experience of native morality.

Mr. Bradley's book is notably successful, and stands out from the too many fanciful, sentimentalised and half-informed volumes which deal in native subjects. He knows as much as the European is ever likely to know about the outlook of the pure African native. He handles his material with the skill of one definitely in possession of the story-telling gift; and to a sense of humour kept well in hand couples a descriptive power which enables him to paint a background vividly.

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"A Victorian romance of such fine quality." Edinburgh Evening News.

H&S

EGYPT, ARABIA AND AFGHANISTAN

By Kenneth Williams

Egypt Since Cromer. Vol. I.

By Lord Lloyd. 21s. (Macmillan.)

The Independent Arab.

By Sir Hubert Young. 15s. (John Murray.)

The Tragedy of Amanullah.

By Sirdar Ikbāl Ali Shah. 18s. (Ouseley.)

Lord Lloyd's record as an administrator in the East and his views upon Imperial governance are well known: his attitude, which has never bent under the pressure of politicians, is clear-cut, positive, unswerving. As an historian however he essays a new rôle, and it may be said at once that very successfully he performs it. In the present volume he traces the story of England in Egypt from 1904—the date of the Anglo-French Convention and three years before the year of Cromer's retirement—to 1919, the date of the supersession of Sir Reginald Wingate by General Allenby. The tale is brilliantly unfolded. Lord Lloyd is, happily, not impartial—the quality which it is commonly the boast of but the flocculent to possess—but he is scrupulously fair. Hardly any of the great British protagonists in Egypt have belonged to his own school of political philosophy, but to their merits and their intentions he is never blind.

To Cromer's own vast personality he naturally pays tribute. Yet not even Cromer could effect reconciliation between the two opposing conditions, stipulated by ignorant politicians at home, which postulated that Great Britain was in Egypt to work simultaneously for the reform of the country and for evacuation. This impossible mission, unfortunately, has been repeated elsewhere in the East, though reflections of that kind are perhaps germane neither to Lord Lloyd's book nor to this review.

The dual mission and illegal basis of England in Egypt have naturally resulted in a series of wobblings, concentration now being made on the economic side (which in effect means the welfare of the fellaheen), now on the political side (which in effect means a surrender ultimately to the enemies of England in Egypt). After Cromer, Sir Eldon Gorst changed British policy and sought to apply to Egypt such democratic institutions as were approved and understood by British politicians. The spirit of concession thus shown was scarcely reciprocated in Egypt itself; in any case, Gorst's death in 1911 put an end to an experiment which might have provided lessons of extreme value to post-War British Imperialism. His successor, Kitchener, did much for the fellaheen, but he was simply not interested in political machinery. The Anglo-Egyptian position was drifting dangerously enough when the Great War broke out. Between 1914 and 1918 mistakes in Europe were inevitable, but to understand how numerous and tragic they were these chapters of Lord Lloyd must be read. Deterioration was swift, though unrecognised. Commissions and omissions by British representatives were bad enough, but the core of the trouble was that it was the British, not the Egyptian Government, which was held responsible for maladministration, on historic lines, by Egyptian subordinates. The pent-up feelings of Egyptian politicians, further stirred by President Wilson's uninformed and irresponsible indications of future self-determination, at last burst in the anti-British riots of 1919. Ignorant and still theorising, the British Government at that time took the fateful step of sending out a magnificent General but an untried administrator, Sir Edmund Allenby, to replace Sir Reginald Wingate, who has seldom been given the place in history that he deserves. With General Allenby's recalling of the extremists (who included Zaghloul) that had been deported to Malta, and with an account of their subsequently heightened prestige in Egypt, the volume virtually ends.

This tale of increasing shadow, relieved only by the British performance in the Sudan, is impressively and memorably preferred. Lord Lloyd's next volume, which will presumably contain accounts of the remainder of Lord

Allenby's High Commissionership and of his own, must be, even more definitely than is this, a contribution to history.

Arabia has fascinated many Englishmen, but chiefly of the unorthodox kind. Sir Hubert Young, who first went to Arabia in 1913 (he met T. E. Lawrence digging at Carchemish on the way and was in close touch with the land until his recent appointment in Nyasaland) has felt this fascination; but in the official sense. His is however an important work, for he has had considerable influence in shaping British policy in Iraq. Sir Hubert belongs to the "liberal" school of thought, which believed that the war in Arabia against the Turk should result in one thing, above all: the independence of the Arabs. Nor can it be denied that he knew his Arabs, both town-dwellers and bedouin. For many months he worked behind the lines in Mesopotamia, and later in the Hejaz, where gold-bulging Lawrence (to whom some interesting paragraphs are devoted) was performing feats with Arab irregulars which romantically-minded folk subsequently accounted as of higher importance in the winning of Allied victory than the movements of army corps, he strove energetically to induce order in communications and transport.

After the War the author was taken to the Foreign Office and to the Middle Eastern Department of the Colonial Office. He endeavoured to convince Lord Curzon, Edwin Montagu, and other politicians of the desirability of early independence for the Arabs. He is satisfied that his policy has eventually triumphed. Probably however it is rather for the adventures in Arabia that are described than for his views on British policy in Arabia that the general reader will like Sir Hubert's book. Though there is much with which to disagree, this book, excellently produced, well indexed, and provided with adequate maps (a rare virtue in works of this kind), is eminently readable. On the lower shelves of the considerable literature on Arabia it may find an honoured place.

Sirdar Ikbāl Ali Shah is a perfervid admirer of the present King of Afghanistan, Nadir Shah, of whom indeed he says, *pace* the title of his book, that "perhaps ex-King Amanullah Khan's mistakes were providential, so that a greater man may show the world as to how great tasks are performed." About half the book is devoted to the predecessors and successors of ex-King Amanullah, whose fall is attributed, not to the journey which he and his Queen Suraya made to the West some five years ago, but to the hasty reforms which he had previously attempted to impose upon the imperfectly united Afghans. The "tragedy" is dramatically related. Sirdar Ikbāl Ali Shah has undertaken this work with considerable élan, and his portrait of the ambitious monarch whose crash resounded throughout Asia is a vivid piece of reconstruction.

A. B. : A MINOR MARGINAL NOTE. By Pauline Smith. 3s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

A very dainty foot-note to Arnold Bennett's *Journals* has been achieved by Miss Smith, who does not suffer from swollen-headedness. She is always insisting on her feeble health, her lack of conversation and poverty of literary output. This is undue modesty, for Arnold Bennett would not have remained friendly to her for over twenty years if she had been futile or ineffectual. Her text is evidently based on Bennett's style, and is easy and pleasant to read. She brings out what is apparent to all readers of the *Journals*—his Five Towns bluntness (like Henley, he is not afraid to call a man a common ass), his innate kindness of heart, his bluntness which is often a disguise of timidity, his "cardiness" in unimportant matters, and his real modesty in a claim of genius.

Those who have no time for the three volumes of the *Journals* would gain quite an insight into the man's real nature—which was not difficult to discover by any discerning and friendly inquirer—from half an hour spent on this excellently produced slim volume.

WAR AND PEACE

The Land-locked Lake.

By A. A. Hanbury-Sparrow. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)

Crooks in the Sunshine.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

False Truth.

By E. Charles Vivian. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Missing From His Home.

By Clifford Hosken. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

It may be doubted whether "The Land-locked Lake" is a picture of war as it really is. It is however a faithful record of one man's experience of the War. Unlike many writers of war books, its author does not select one aspect only of his experience—the good or the bad—and present it in such a way as to make it appear the whole. Terror and heroism, the sordid and the noble, scenes of horror and moments of sudden peace and beauty—all these alternate and combine convincingly in his pages.

Colonel Hanbury-Sparrow reveals the purpose of his book in expressing the hope that the younger generation, "seeing the War for what it truly was—an intense spiritual experience—might be inspired to link up its lessons to the needs of the age, and to lead its land-locked waters to the parched river of life." He might, however, be less certain of the spiritual value of war to-day if he realised more fully that war is becoming less and less an epic of human courage and devotion, and more and more a matter of mere scientific technique and pointless carnage.

Mr. Oppenheim takes us from the scene of war to the troubled peace of the Cap d'Antibes, where the sun shines with its expected vigour but fails to dispel the shadow of dark events. The Lebworthy gang from New York find in Antibes a profitable new field for their activities; but unfortunately they collide with Caroline Loyd, who has been put on her mettle by the murder of her brother. Scarcely more troubled by scruples than the gang itself, Caroline exploits her brains and beauty to good purpose. Even she however succumbs to the romantic atmosphere and, after repeatedly foiling the gang, seems destined for the unheroic splendours of the life of a marquise.

The book consists of ten stories, each complete in itself, but all interlinked by a common theme which is finally rounded off only in the last few pages. It is written with all the customary deftness of Mr. Oppenheim's inventive and prolific pen.

"False Truth" brings us back to London—to a London, that is, of night clubs, gambling dens, dope trafficking, Chinese restaurants, and murder. Stanley Cosway has been sentenced to death, but doubts as to his guilt remain in his counsel's mind. Investigations are continued, and a dangerous criminal organisation unearthed.

Mr. Vivian has written a good mystery story. The characterisation is firm and shrewd, the action is rapid and the final scene satisfying and dramatic.

The missing man in Mr. Hosken's book is Captain Bayne, and it is from the house of his solicitor that he disappears. The consequent investigation leads to the discovery that remnants of a large spy organisation still survive from War days.

Mr. Hosken's spy theme is as well worn as Mr. Vivian's Chinese restaurants and dope traffickers; but he too succeeds in extracting something new out of it. What he lacks in power of characterisation he makes up for in wealth of incident and speed of narrative; and the mystery is well sustained to the end.

KENNETH STOCKS.

THE LAST PAGE OF THE BOOK. By Phyllis Silberrad. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Written by the younger sister of Una L. Silberrad, this is a charming if somewhat tenuous story of love and buried treasure, set in eighteenth century Holland and the Isle of Skye, where the heroine finds happiness but not the smuggler's hoard. Miss Silberrad has a happy knack of conveying atmosphere in a few words.

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A GUIDE TO CONSERVATISM And a Hope for the Working-man

By
Collin Brooks

Conservatism in England.

By F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

There are, one imagines, only three possible ways of reading Professor Hearnshaw's polemical history of Conservatism. One is as a fellow Tory, halloing him on from dogmatism to dogmatism with what Ralph Lynn calls "those hunting noises." Another is as an anti-Tory, pausing ever and anon to cast the book down while one kicks the domestic cat, for vicarious reasons. The third is as a detached observer of principle and prejudice. By the third method one gains that warming enjoyment which comes from an appreciation of sheer artistry in phrase-making and pen-portraiture.

Professor Hearnshaw is magnificently frank. Doctor Samuel Johnson himself was no stouter Tory. (Oddly enough, the name Tory is deprecated in this book. Disraeli, one of Professor Hearnshaw's great heroes, said: "'Conservative' or 'Tory'?—I use 'Tory': it is a shorter word." But Professor Hearnshaw insists that the shorter word has again become a term of abuse, and that "Conservative" has the merit of embodying the very essence of the philosophy which its bearer upholds.) To Professor Hearnshaw Socialism is but a matter of much pamphleteering and a little disastrous experimenting. Bolshevism is anathema, and Liberalism is no more than a stupid method of delaying a return to an essential two-party system.

To a Conservative—and the present reviewer must in fairness avow himself a Conservative who prefers the label Tory—this book is magnificent and it is war. Its very lapses into bathos—loyalty to the old school and the old university, as laid down on page thirty-two, is hardly a necessary Conservative virtue—are commendable because they are positive. To a Socialist this book should also be magnificent, for it makes a virtue of all the qualities, and avows them, that to the Socialist stand self-condemned. The essence of Conservatism, as Professor Hearnshaw extracts it, is continuity. Reform must be cautious because the institutions to be reformed are but precarious structures affording shelter or defence against the ever present and pressing menace of a return to barbarism. The Rome of civilisation was not built in a day, but it can be demolished in a night. The oasis of culture was not rescued from the desert without effort and sacrifice, but it can be trodden back to waste by a momentary impatience which relaxes effort.

But quite apart from its matter, the book is worth attention for its manner. As witness:

"The marriage of Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn was the decisive though discreditable event that brought to a head a quarrel between the English Court and the Roman *Curia* that had long been pending."

"The decisive though discreditable event" is a phrase to envy.

Again, writing of Arthur Balfour, Professor Hearnshaw gives us this:

"The publication of his first book, entitled 'A Defence of Philosophic Doubt,' in 1879, showed the world at large that a thinker of uncommon ambiguity had arisen."

His portraiture is incisive:

"Canning . . . was a brilliant, conceited, ambitious and pushful parvenu of the middle class, trained in school and college debating societies, erratic in judgment but a veritable Rupert of oratory, incurably addicted to intrigue, obviously self-seeking, awkward and difficult to get on with, insular in his interests and outlook; nevertheless a political genius, gifted with vision and insight, capable of inspiring immense enthusiasm and devotion in those who, like the young Disraeli, viewed him from afar."

As political history, "Conservatism in England" is lamentably scrappy. The perspective which allots but a portion of a page to the infused Imperialism of Joseph Chamberlain, and dismisses the South African episode in ten lines with no mention of Rhodes and the Raid; which omits any detail of the transition period of organised Conservatism from 1909 to 1914, and forgets both "hedgers" and "ditchers" and Milner's cry to his new party to quit them like men and "damn the consequences," is faulty indeed, however necessary it may be to throw a light on Bolingbroke, Burke and Disraeli.

Professor Hearnshaw has no allegiance to a party machine. Having in youth flirted with Fabianism, and in the middle years lost his fancy to Liberalism, he is to-day, in his vigorous maturity, impelled to Conservatism—but as a candid friend and not as a pledged henchman. Nevertheless he bids Conservatives look to the day when they shall again seek the suffrages of the people as a Party and not, one may say, as a clique for any "National Party" histrionic figurehead. To that party he offers a policy, and alas, in offering it, uses an injunction that almost makes at least one Conservative turn Communist:

"Too little use is made of the Conservative working man, too little consideration is given to his peculiar problems, too little opportunity is offered to him for a great and successful career in Conservative politics."

So we have it—the long political perspective of Conservatism—in the far distance Bolingbroke promulgating the idea of a Patriot King; in the middle distance Burke opposing with matchless dialectic the wreckers of his age; in the near distance Disraeli preaching a new renaissance of chivalry and a policy of *sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*—and in the foreground Professor Hearnshaw suggesting that the party managers might consider bribing a working-class electorate with the opportunity of "a successful career in Conservative politics."

SHAKESPEARIANA

Shakespeare Criticism: From the Beginnings to 1765.

By V. K. Ayappan Pillai, B.A. (Oxon). 5s. (Blackie.)

A Short Life of Shakespeare: With the Sources.

Abridged by Charles Williams from Sir Edmund Chambers's "William Shakespeare." 5s. (Clarendon Press.)

Strindberg and Shakespeare.

By Joan Bulman. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

The great mass of literature on the subject of Shakespeare, to which these three little books are recent additions, recalls a remark of Falstaff's: "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." It can certainly be claimed for Shakespeare that he not only wrote himself, but has been the cause of more writing from other men than any author in the world's history.

By Christopher St. John

Matthew Arnold, in his bardolatrous sonnet to Shakespeare says that "Others abide our question. Thou art free," suggesting that Shakespearean research is altogether vain. It must be admitted that it has yielded very little so far, and that little is all too familiar. The reader who opens a new study of Shakespeare, expecting to find something new in it, either about his life, or about his genius, is usually disappointed.

Mr. Ayappan Pillai, who is Professor of English in the Presidency College at Madras, has made criticism of Shakespeare his special study. One interesting result of his researches is the evidence that there is nothing new in the modern critical attitude towards Shakespeare. Thomas Rymer (1641-1743) was every bit as impatient of Bardolators as Bernard Shaw. The quotations that Professor

Pillai gives from Rymer's criticisms of Shakespeare recall Shaw's notorious tirades against the Bard which appeared in the *Saturday Review* at the end of the last century. And Pepys's criticism of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—"the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life"—is in the same vein as one written last year of "The Merchant of Venice." In the procession of critics, headed by Ben Jonson, which Professor Pillai marshals with great organising skill in his pages, one recognises the ancestors of Shakespeare's contemporary admirers and detractors. The last figure in the procession is Dr. Johnson. Professor Pillai devotes a whole chapter to him and it is perhaps the best in the book.

Mr. Williams has compiled an abridged version of Sir Edmund Chambers's "Shakespeare," published in 1930 in two volumes, for the convenience of readers who, owing "to the antagonistic economic and cultural circumstances of our time," cannot possess, or do not find it easy to assimilate, the whole work. The abridgment has been sanctioned by Sir Edmund Chambers, and it appears to have been well done. It should be of great use in dispelling the popular notion that nothing is known for certain about Shakespeare's life. We are in possession of more facts, and stories based on authentic tradition, about Shakespeare than we are about any other Elizabethan writer with the exception of Ben Jonson. But as Sir Edmund Chambers says, nothing about Shakespeare is too certain to be questioned. Wilder assumptions have been made by those who question the facts than by those who accept them. For example, Sir Sidney Lee assumed, quite wildly, that the statement that Shakespeare "died a Papist" was idle gossip, but it was made first by a man whom the records prove to have been unlikely to have made such a statement without being assured of its truth.

Now, as I have indicated, there is nothing new in either of the books I have mentioned. This cannot be said of Miss Joan Bulman's study of Shakespeare's influence on

Strindberg's historical drama. But if we are ignorant of Strindberg's historical drama, and in this country where no specimen of it had been acted, until the production of "Gustavus Vasa" at the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, we may be excused for such ignorance, we cannot be expected to take a keen interest in Strindberg's debt to Shakespeare. Miss Bulman conscientiously proves the debt. This is a very scholarly book, but a trifle dull, except when Strindberg is allowed to speak for himself. His description of the method he learned from Shakespeare has an interest for dramatists at any rate.

"I took as my task after my master, Shakespeare, to draw human beings for better or worse; not to fight shy of the right word; to let history be the background, and to foreshorten historic periods in accordance with the requirements of the modern theatre, so as to avoid the undramatic form of the chronicle or narrative."

WRIT IN SAND.

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Cunninghame Graham does not write in sand—unless it be on the sands of time. There is always a classic dignity in his prose even when his material is the most exotic. Adventure, in the true sense of the word, is in his life-blood, and he communicates his impressions, often of his times that are past, with the rarest artistry. Much of these six short stories deals in horseflesh. No finer expositor or lover could horses have than he. Tschiffely's ride from Buenos Ayres to New York, 1925-28, to prove the superiority of the old native Argentine horse, is finely pictured. The circus has surely never been more magnificently (or expertly) delineated than in his title story. This is a book of beauty, wisdom, wit—"for keeps." In his introduction Mr. Cunninghame Graham compares himself to a man in the tumbrel, and takes off his hat, as gallant as ever, to the reader.

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Novel Notes

SHEEP AND GOATS

By Wynyard Browne

Nobody Starves.

By Catherine Brody. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

The Gold Falcon : or The Haggard of Love.

7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Man's Mortality.

By Michael Arlen. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)



Catherine Brody.

Mr. Pyecroft Goes to Heaven.

By Rolf Bennett. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

King Carnival.

By John C. Moore. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

Nurse.

By Barbara Hughes Stanton. 7s. 6d. (Secker.)

Contemporary creative writers can be divided into two classes: those who are aware of the decay and imminent collapse of

European culture and of the existing social and economic systems, and those who are not. The division is fast becoming more distinct. Those in the first class, whether they are despairing and destructive or eager to build—and raise a flag on—a new world, are dealing explicitly with some aspect of the “world situation.” They are concerned that their work shall have social as well as literary importance. They desire to be read for profit as well as pleasure. More or less they merit the epithet “serious.” The others, among whom are most of the more popular writers, remain profitably out of touch with the unpleasant dilemmas of the day, and are disinclined to accept direct social responsibility for their work. They are content, even proud, to receive the approval of the committee, and provide enjoyment for the members of the Book Society. It is probably truer as well as kinder to attribute their behaviour to stupidity rather than to avarice. I cannot join with the militant highbrows in their malicious abuse of these simple, prosperous people for deliberately lowering the standard of taste and undermining the foundations of culture. Critics without a sense of fun may do more harm than the silliest or vilest best-seller. But I do join them in their reluctance to consider seriously the work of writers who will not or cannot tackle relevant problems.

Miss Brody can and does. In “Nobody Starves” she tells a story of American workers during a “crisis.” It is not exciting. She denies herself the easy tricks of melodrama and propaganda which are so tempting when wages and work replace the traditional themes of love and war. In the sort of people who can afford to read the new novels, pity and fear are not easily aroused by the drab tragedy of unemployment. Its motives are too material, its action too monotonous. And only those who regard capitalism as a sort of personal devil, and interpret Miss Brody’s story in terms of class war, will get the authentic kick or catharsis.

Miss Brody herself makes no comment, and gives no hints as to her own attitude. Her style is so impersonal that her characters will probably be accused of not “coming alive.” We are told no idiosyncrasies of Molly or Bill to distinguish them from other hands in similar factories. This may be considered a fault in a work of fiction, but it arises here from a laudable desire to present without distortion an important fact. For that Miss Brody deserves respect and attention.

“The Gold Falcon” is very personal. It is apologetic

and consolatory. Manfred, “airman and poet of the world War,” who had written, when the War was over, a scandalous autobiography called “Farewell to Poetry,” forsook his wife and son to seek “personal sunrise” in New York. The book is the story of his search, which is by turns honest and theatrical, but always egotistic; and the apology is implicit in the story. Finally he tries to fly back to England alone, in answer to a cable that his wife is in danger of dying in childbirth. Something goes wrong with his machine and he drowns in mid-Atlantic. The consolation appears, unconvincing and perfunctory in the last chapter, where the wraiths of Manfred and Ann meet and know one another. The book is valuable not merely because it is probably sincere, but because there are many “haggard” or refractory lovers in our generation. Yet I am afraid it will be read for the amusement of deciphering the names of the literary figures mentioned, and for the hope of gossip. It deserves to be read for better reasons.

Mr. Michael Arlen has now deserted the ranks of the old irresponsibles. Not content with merely turning serious, he is to be found among the prophets. It would take too long to quarrel over the details in Mr. Arlen’s imagined future. The world-rule of that “gigantic combine of key industries known as International Aircraft and Airways, Inc.,” though I think an unlikely event, is quite an admissible hypothesis from which to argue, as Mr. Arlen does, that no changes in environment can change the essentials of human nature. But the only interest to be had from speculations on probable changes in environment is in their probable effect on human consciousness and behaviour. Failing to realise this, Mr. Arlen, unlike Mr. Aldous Huxley, does not invent people conditioned by the environment he invents. His Mr. Craddock, for instance, was quite clearly born in 1885 or thereabouts, and not, as Mr. Arlen says, in 1935, which explains his fuddled centenarian behaviour throughout the story. Though the writing of fantasies like this does not help much, it is good that Mr. Arlen should show himself worried about the world.

The other three books are in the second category. Two of them are not even intended to be taken seriously. They are to be read for relaxation. And if relaxation—and not greater tension—were generally desirable, they would have a useful function. As it is they can be recommended to the sort of people who want easy and irrelevant fun. Mr. Bennett’s story about a suburban business man who, when something that the publisher calls cataclysmic happens to him, breaks loose from the daily doom of the 8.55 train to go to sea on a hunt for buried treasure, is ingenious and amusing. It is certainly good of its kind. If the Mr. Pyecrofts who read it were to be inspired to similar adventure instead of being consoled for the lack of it as they will be, it would have been worth writing.

The stories included in Mr. Moore’s “King Carnival” are very varied in theme but somehow monotonous. He is brisk and rather hearty, never witty and never wicked, never morbid and scarcely sentimental. Sometimes he is fantastic without grimness, sometimes whimsical without reason. The publishers say that his public is steadily increasing, and there seems no reason to doubt their assurance.

Miss Hughes Stanton’s novel about a traditionally wise and kindly nurse, and the part she plays in the adult life of one of her charges, is much too long. The central incident of Anne’s baby and nurse’s affection for, and good sense about it would have made an excellent short story. Too many novels, especially first novels, fail for this reason. The only way to enlarge without inflation to sixty thousand words a story which is easily told in one-tenth of the space is to dive or burrow more deeply into the minds of the characters. But that involves problems of technique which very few novelists are capable of solving.

THE PROBLEM OF TRUE CREATION

A Day Off.
By Storm Jameson. 7s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)
Dwelling Place.
By Ambrose South. 7s. 6d. (Grayson.)



Mrs. G. E. Thresher.
Photo by Elizabeth Lintot, Ltd.

Everything changes: everything remains the same. In life there is development and growth. But running through that development is inevitably consistency, since we do not gather figs of thistles. And works of fiction which estrange this fundamental principle leave us, or should leave us, uneasy and dissatisfied.

The one criticism to be made of Miss Storm Jameson's fine and moving story of a day off in the life of a woman who is neither young nor romantic, and who is about to be cast off by her lover, is that the woman has been lit up by flashes rather than with a steady, revealing light. We see her in pieces and, as it seems to me, those pieces do not form a satisfying whole.

Through the woman's mind, and in such flashes, is reflected her past—as a child, as a factory worker in the north, as a chambermaid in a London hotel, as the mistress of the German proprietor of a small café which is broken up with the War. And then comes the final phase, in which her one hope of living a fairly easy and comfortable life depends on George, whom she has not seen for some time.

And so far, so good. We believe in the individual and isolated incidents as they occur. Again and again we are startled into admiration by Miss Jameson's gift of perception, and for words in which to clothe that perception. It is long, I think, since she has done such good and detached work, instinct with true unsentimental pity.

It is only when we lay the book down that we feel that the composite portrait has eluded us. Here is an unfortunate woman, but she is not definitely one particular unfortunate woman. For example the harshness which she shows at the end of the book, when she steals from two defenceless people (surely such opportunities for easy thefts come rarely and singly), startle us, for there has been no preparation in the portrait of one who is essentially a drifter lacking the necessary core of hardness to make life safe for herself. However, this is a book which amply repays the reading.

Mr. Ambrose South showed himself an important and remarkable writer in a previous novel, "Broken House." This book is a sequel in which we take up the fortunes of Clara, Hughie and their children—fortunes which have come to easier days through an unexpected legacy. The Canley family are able to move from Quaeve, the farm which for all their heartbreaking toil has never prospered, to easier and more responsive surroundings.

And while in the first book the mother, brave, incompetent and lovable, was the heroine, with the house, lack of money and the poor wounded husband's much-tried temper as the chief bogies, now the interest moves mainly to the problems of adolescence and youth as they touch more particularly the two eldest children, Max and Anne. It is Anne, whose brisk competence in the house, and sometimes cruel impatience with her mother, is balanced by

Without a Stair.
By Kathleen Wallace.
7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Bitter Comedy.
By Joy Baines.
7s. 6d. (Harrap.)
The Unenchanted Circle.
By Rupert Latimer.
7s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)
Good Blood Wasted.
By G. E. Thresher.
7s. 6d. (Ocean.)
A Leaf of Laurel.
By Leslie Meller.
7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

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her desire for pretty things—so that she even turns shop-lifter for a time—who remains the most completely in drawing. For Max's love affair with the silly genteel Phyllis, who condescends to him and talks like bright young people are supposed to do at the third remove, enters the sphere of convention, while the final melodrama and dark doings connected with an old witch woman, Hannah, are out of keeping with Mr. South's fine gift for true values and tender portrayal of the drama of everyday life. But here is a very exceptional writer whose weaknesses arise from an abundant creative and imaginative force.

Miss Doreen Wallace has given us one of those complicated stories of passion and intrigue, moving from China to Devon and back again to China, at which more popular and less praised writers are adept, in the sense that here once more we have life, movement, plenty of invention and the glamour of a foreign setting. But I confess I was disappointed to find that such an able writer as Miss Wallace did not confine herself more single-heartedly and simply to her main theme, which is the development of a beautiful and vital woman from religious fanaticism to the realisation of her capacity and need for human passion, and afterwards to a life of service as a missionary. Instead the theme shifts to Hester's daughter brought up away from China, her unhappy marriage, as a way of escape, to a young missionary, her intrigue with another man, and so to the inevitable if only suggested happy ending. Briefly it is a story in which the characters endure a deal of unhappiness, but whose agonies and amours leave us a little cold for the reason that we are convinced that they will be quite all right at the end of the chapter. An efficient but not a memorable book.

The characters in Miss Baines's novel are, on the other hand, a trifle too familiar to become quite real. We have met them so frequently, these wild and handsome young men who sow their oats with such reckless and debonair

ease, and then fall hopelessly in love with a strict young woman—in this case of Scots blood—who frowns disapprovingly upon their suit until the end of the book. We have also met the sister and feminine equivalent who marries a good man, but takes some while to be "mastered." The setting is Dartmoor, the family name is Doone, horses gallop, riders are thrown, and mists come up, but there is plenty of bright and efficient dialogue to keep it all securely poised between romance and realism.

There are not so many stories which maintain unforced the light and airy touch that we can afford to be over-critical of Mr. Latimer's pleasant tale. The unenchanted circle is a comfortable London home from which the grown-up son and daughter emerge to play, talk and suffer just enough over their love affairs, while the still attractive and rather more intelligent mother plays patience and bridge, and tries to refrain from being tiresome either to her pompous husband or to her unperceptive young. Mr. Latimer is to be congratulated on giving us a handful of credible if not vital people, though their conversation may not always attain the desired standard of wit and brilliancy.

"Good Blood Wasted" is described as "the anti-war novel," but here is no passionate indictment of blood and suffering but an oddly written story of before, during and after the War years. For example: "His wounded body and heart immedicable to all other salve but the presson of her moist lips upon his own." A lot of this sort of writing may become intolerable.

Where Miss Thresher varies facetiousness with would-be impressiveness, Mr. Meller gives us a long-winded, patient narrative of a young Australian whom we accompany through a year of the War, and later, as he learns about women and to know himself. A few pictures and a little conversation would do something to brighten a book which however is certainly sincere.

NORAH HOULT.

TALES FROM FOUR COUNTRIES

By Edgar Holt

The Strange River.

By Julian Green. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Charles Men.

By Verner von Heidenstam. 8s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

A Young Gentleman in Poland.

By Alexander Lernet-Holenia. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Chocolate.

By A. Tarasov-Rodinov. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Hollow Field.

By Marcel Aymé. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

It can at least be claimed for this batch of foreign novels that they reveal a welcome variety in subject and style; and the reader who is wearied by the fact that many translated novels are of the same type will find that the present list has something to refresh his jaded mind. Perhaps the most refreshing of all is "The Strange River," which Mr. Vyvyan Holland has translated from the French of Julian Green; for in an age when Grand Hotels and Luxury Liners are turning the novel into a series of thumbnail sketches of thirty or forty characters, it is delightful to encounter a book which limits itself to the task of giving a careful picture of three characters only.

Those who already know the brilliant work of Julian Green will hardly need to be told that his new book is neither a light nor a cheerful production. Life is no easy matter for the characters whom he loves to depict. They move in a sombre and difficult world, but their darkness is often illuminated by flashes of sudden beauty. In Philip Cléry, his wife Henriette and his sister-in-law Eliane he has drawn three characters who, in one way or another, are failing to achieve what life might possibly have given them. The story begins with Philip's realisation that he is a coward, for a woman calls for help on the banks of the Seine and he runs away in terror; and it portrays the effect of this realisation on his personal life and conduct. The trials and emotions of Eliane, who has loved Philip for years, and the dispassionate coldness of Henriette, who is virtually

separated from her husband although they live under the same roof, are revealed with the same skill as Philip's vacillating faint-heartedness, and the interplay of the three characters goes to make an impressive and intensely moving novel.

Verner von Heidenstam's "The Charles Men" must also be set down as an impressive book, and it can safely be recommended to all who are anxious for something unusual to read. It is described as "one of the most distinguished works of modern Swedish literature," and it consists of a number of sketches and stories, more or less interconnected, to illustrate the wars of Charles XII, the mad King of Sweden, and the fall of the Swedish Empire. Some of the stories, such as "The Successor to the Throne" and "The Stupid Swede," are admirably done, but the main fault of the book is that there is too much of it. In setting himself to achieve a massive saga, Von Heidenstam has included a good deal of material that could easily have been left out, and a book which might have been a masterpiece becomes in the end a little wearisome.

The remaining novels have no claim to great importance, though they are all interesting. The Austrian author of "A Young Gentleman in Poland" has extracted plenty of humour from the situation of a young German officer who is compelled to disguise himself as a maidservant in Poland during the War, and his book moves agreeably through a succession of farcical incidents. In "Chocolate" we are given a picture of the early revolutionary days in Russia, and the tragedy of Zudin, a devoted servant of the Soviet, who is entangled in a fatal web of intrigue and disaster, is worked out with power and sincerity. Marcel Aymé, the author of "The Hollow Field," has produced a notable study of life in a French village, where a feud springs up because Coindet, whose wife has committed suicide, is wrongly suspected of her murder. His book has grace and style, but its weakness lies in the fact that few or none of the characters can arouse any sympathy in the reader's mind.

OLD HANDS AT THE GAME

- Mr. Simpson Finds a Body.
By David Frome. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)
- Mr. Daddy : Detective.
By Collin Brooks. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
- Who Killed Alfred Snowe ?
By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)
- The Motor Rally Mystery.
By John Rhode. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)
- Murder at the Varsity.
By Q. Patrick. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

With one exception the authors of the novels to be reviewed this month have established a firm position for themselves in the world of detective fiction. Each has a long and growing list of volumes to his credit, each has his own particular method of approaching the problem he presents for our amusement. As might be expected, therefore, the crimes in this batch of books are competently described, the plots are ingenious and mystifying, and there are enough excitements to carry the reader comfortably on from chapter to chapter. It is simply a matter of making your choice and paying your seven-and-sixpence.

Mr. Frome is my choice. I like his easy, pleasant style and his nice sense of character. His book opens with the return of Mr. Simpson to his unoccupied house, where he makes the uncomfortable discovery that there is a corpse in the study. And from this point, until Inspector Bull clears up the last loose end, mystery is piled on mystery. Whose body is it? Whose hand dealt the blow? Where is the missing money? And what of the odd behaviour of the lady with the cats? These are but a few of the questions to be answered and, until they are answered, it is hard to put the book down. In fact my only complaint against the author is that he kept me from my bed until an unseemly hour.

Mr. Brooks is another writer who draws his characters with a firm and sure hand. In his new book he has a difficult plot to get over, but he interweaves probabilities and improbabilities with skill and discretion. There are queer people and queer happenings in this story of a headless corpse taken from the Thames. Inspector Debenham, better known as "Doleful Deb," has the case in hand, and in Mr. Daddy he has a novel and appealing assistant.

The victim in Mr. Fletcher's new extract from the casebook of Ronald Camberwell is an antiquary in a cathedral town who is found murdered in his shop. A rare book is missing from the library and the search for it leads to plenty of thrills. There are more deaths before the chief criminal gets his deserts in a shooting match on a lonely spot on the coast. Told with the conviction that Fletcher "fans" have been led to expect, this story is well up to the author's high level.

Mr. Rhode's one fault, it seems to me, lies in holding back the appearance of his criminal until the end of the book. His opening—an apparent accident during a great motor rally—is original and interesting. His clues are carefully contrived and he manages to make a rather far-fetched solution seem possible. But the reader has little chance to pit his wits against those of the author's singularly inept C.I.D. man or against the brighter brains of Dr. Priestley, who solves the puzzle.

Mr. Patrick, whose second book this is, has a long way to go before he can catch up his colleagues in crime. Some way to go, too, before he can hope to rival them in skill. This story of murders in a Cambridge college is hardly convincing. But undergraduates, past and present, may be amused to see how far fictional life at the university differs from the real thing.

MARCUS MAGILL.

THE ARYAN PATH

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The Collector

FIRST EDITIONS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

By Edmund Nicholls

The death of John Galsworthy on January 31st, following close on the heels of that of George Moore a few days previously, has caused a stir in the collecting world, and a keen interest in the ultimate fate of these writers as collected authors, apart from the severe loss sustained by English literature in their sudden departure.

It is too early to attempt any authoritative utterance on the position they will finally attain in the world of collectors; and if this article is inclined to insist on merely monetary values, my excuse must be that the wider aspects of their work are dealt with elsewhere in this issue, and book collecting is the peculiar sphere covered by this section.

John Galsworthy was collected under several divisions: first the works written under the name of John Sinjohn—"Jocelyn" (1898), "From the Four Winds" (1897), "Villa Rubein" (1900) and "A Man of Devon" (1901). Of these "A Man of Devon" has always been the scarcest, and additionally desirable as containing the first reference to the Forsyte family. They have sold as high as £100 for fine copies, but to-day they probably stand at half that figure. Next in importance for collectors comes the series embodied under the titles "The Forsyte Saga" and "A Modern Comedy"—ten titles in all, five in each volume, from "The Man of Property" (1906) to "Swan Song" (1928).

In separate publication, "The Man of Property" is easily the scarcest and has sold at well over £100. To-day it is obtainable, like the Sinjohn novels already referred to, for half that sum. The remaining titles are comparatively easy to secure, the interval between "The Man of Property" (1906) and the next, "In Chancery," accounting for the rarity of the former.

The publication in 1922 by Heinemann of the first five stories under the title, "The Forsyte Saga," brought their author to the fore amongst collectors, and the interest has been well sustained ever since. In the summer of 1929 an exceptional demand for this English edition of "The Forsyte Saga" sprang up in America, and good copies, with the requisite points then enumerated, sold as high as £35. As recently as last December it produced £11 at auction in New York. Mention must be made of the fact that "The Forsyte Saga," as well as several of the titles contained in "A Modern Comedy" were first produced by Scribners in New York; but this fact, although emphasised by Viscount Esher and others, has had no appreciable effect on the sale prices, nor has there been any apparent willingness to take serious notice of the American firsts. Much has been made of the fact that the first printing of "The Forsyte Saga" was in the neighbourhood of 10,000 copies, it being urged that such an output would for ever preclude the book from becoming scarce. After eleven years it seems reasonable to conclude that the book is scarcer than the size of the first printing would lead one to suppose, the reason probably being that it was largely subscribed by the libraries and, in addition, that no separate Colonial Edition was made. In the circumstances, one may, at this length of time, safely refute the dictum of Viscount Esher, uttered three years ago, that the book is only worth a few shillings. There was a simultaneous printing of several hundred copies in red leather. These are definitely scarce and rarely appear at auction.

Limited signed English editions of "The Forsyte Saga" and "A Modern Comedy," as well as "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon" and "Swan Song" were produced. "The Forsyte Saga," being in an edition of two hundred and seventy-five copies only, is probably the scarcest. A copy at Hodgson's last month realised £20 at auction—a figure we expect to be exceeded in future. "A Modern Comedy" was produced in limited format in 1929, at the top of the boom, in an edition of one thousand copies, each

containing a quotation in the author's handwriting in addition to his signature. The edition was over-subscribed, and booksellers who had accepted orders for regular clients in advance found themselves compelled to pay absurd premiums to complete their orders. Shortly after, supply overtook demand, copies were thrown back on a market that failed to absorb them—it is only fair to observe that this was coincident with the Wall Street panic of October, 1929, and the book received a blow to its prestige which reduced its sale record to the equivalent of its original published price (£1 1s.). It is now bringing £4 or £5, and may be expected to appreciate steadily.

Many good judges consider that the possession of these two works ("The Forsyte Saga" and "A Modern Comedy") in the limited format will, in the future, be the main desiderata of collections, and one enthusiast has not hesitated to state that he will consider it the equivalent of possessing a signed first edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Time alone can tell. It may be relevant to quote Thomas Burke's recent utterance in writing a preface to his bibliography compiled by John Galsworthy in "Ten Contemporaries" (Second Series); (London: Joiner & Steele)—an undertaking to which Mr. Burke objected strenuously:

"There's no reason for taking any contemporary seriously. There never was. Their final position is uncertain, and their effect upon the thought and action of mankind cannot yet be measured. Only posterity can rightly take people seriously. . . . Collectors of first editions, in my observation, are people who pay a second-hand bookseller £12 or £20 for a book which normal people bought when it appeared for 7s. 6d. or 15s."

Thus spake Thomas Burke, but for all his protestations they (Galsworthy and Brussel) made their respective researches and placed them on record.

Of Forsyte material published subsequent to 1929, "Four Forsyte Stories," "On Forsyte Change" and "Soames and the Flag," it is too early to comment. My guess is that the publishers contemplated yet a third omnibus volume with the limited signed accompaniment (the latter at least being now impossible of achievement), but it is questionable if the interest was thoroughly sustained after the author had killed Soames. Soames hardly called for resuscitation like Sherlock Holmes. He would have felt it indecent.

Galsworthy's Plays were published by Duckworth from time to time, the first seven volumes, entitled "Plays," appearing between 1909 and 1930. In 1929 Duckworth brought them all at that date within the compass of a single volume, and included "The Roof," at that time unpublished. In addition the plays were each published separately prior to being assembled in bulk, and achieved first publication in these separate editions, with the exception of "The Roof" as noted.

In the matter of bibliography, Galsworthy has been handsomely dealt with. Marrot's Bibliography (of which there was a special edition signed by Galsworthy in addition to the general issue) was an excellent and indispensable work. Later work by Captain Louis Cohen, of New York, deserves serious attention, notably an article on Galsworthy which appeared in *Scribners' Magazine* in 1930, and more recently Gilbert Fabes's work on Galsworthy's first editions—"Points and Values" (1932).

The sale of the remaining part of the Hatton Collection at Sotheby's on February 20th contains some interesting Galsworthy material, which will be sold too late for notice in this article, but readers are referred thereto for confirmation of our price theories, or the reverse, as may appear.

It is too early to draw any conclusions regarding the trend of prices for George Moore's works. Of late years his works were published in limited signed editions which did not fluctuate appreciably, with the possible exception of "The Brook Kerith" (1916), for which a firm demand is

noticeable. Of his earlier work, "Esther Waters" (1894), "Flowers of Passion" (1878), "A Mummer's Wife" (1885), "Confessions of a Young Man" (1888) and "Memoirs of My Dead Life" (1906) are in steady demand, now as ever.

The sale of first editions and autograph letters of George Bernard Shaw, the property of his biographer, Dr. Archibald Henderson, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, at the American Art Galleries, New York, on Monday, January 16th, realised \$7,887 for the two hundred and four lots. The fifty-four page letter which Shaw wrote to Henderson in 1905, constituting an autobiography, brought the highest price, \$2,400, which was paid by Gabriel Wells. Barnet J. Beyer paid \$100 for "Rain," an autograph poem of seventy-seven lines, written on four quarto pages (being one of the very few poems ever attempted by Shaw). Mr. Wells also paid \$70 for the post card on which Shaw had written his instruction to Dr. Henderson in the matter of the pronunciation of Dean Inge's name—sixteen lines in all, written from Adelphi Terrace, November 17th, 1924.

In the American BOOKMAN for January (London agent, David Bond, 407, Bank Chambers, High Holborn, W.C.), Albert Parry had an extremely informative article regarding Henry Harland who, he maintains, was born in New York on March 1st, 1861, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harland, of Norwich, Connecticut. He claims Harland as a Connecticut Yankee, and explodes the theory that he was born in St. Petersburg of Russo-Jewish parents.

ANNOTATED LIST OF RECENT BOOKS FOR THE COLLECTOR

By Denis Botterill

1. "The Gold Falcon": Anonymous. (Faber & Faber.)
2. "Poems": Stephen Spender. (Faber & Faber.)
3. "A Sussex Peep-Show": Walter Wilkinson. (Geoffrey Bles.)
4. "Metternich": Algernon Cecil. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)
5. "New Verse, No. 1." (London: New Verse.)
6. "Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence": Middleton Murry. (Jonathan Cape.)
7. "The Mummy Case": Dermot Morrah. (Faber & Faber.)

NOTES.

1. This is a very uneven, and not altogether a pleasing piece of work, but I do not doubt its importance or success. Nor is anonymity a very convincing cloak in this case.

2. A thorough reading of Mr. Spender's "Poems" should convince even the most hide-bound critics of his worth.

3. This is sheer delight; it would be ingratitude not to urge its merit or its sale.

4. The studious biography seems to appreciate rarely, but the quiet excellence of this could not well be overlooked.

5. Rather grudgingly. This new magazine contains much that is admirable, and promises more, but although a prefatory manifesto flames a well-intentioned purge against "the poisonous and steaming Gran Chaco of vulgarity, sciolism and literary racketeering" there is more than a suggestion of pretence and preciosity in "New Verse." It is, however, more significant of the new poets than was "New Numbers" of the Georgians, some years ago.

6. Mr. Murry painstakingly refutes many outrageous portions of Mrs. Carswell's "Savage Pilgrimage." Every time Mr. Murry writes about D. H. Lawrence he enhances his chances of literary immortality, but one cannot help remarking that he takes himself and his work far more seriously than is warranted.

7. An excellent "yarn"—as the Editor of the BOOKMAN would have it.

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The Bookman's Table

A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI. By Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto. 12s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mrs. Sugimoto's reminiscences of her girlhood are probably of great interest to herself and her friends but, apart from the curiosity engendered by a way of life completely unfamiliar to most Europeans, it is doubtful if they are worth expanding into a book of this length, and her reactions on her first introduction to American life must be very similar to those of all untravelled Japanese women.

GREECE AND THE ÆGEAN. By Ernest A. Gardner. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Professor Gardner has written a most interesting and comprehensive introduction to Greece, which would be worth its weight in gold to the ordinary traveller whose study of the classics ceased with his schooldays. The author's admirable descriptions bring the Greek cities so vividly before the mind's eye that the impecunious reader can do his travelling by his own fireside.

INTELLECTUAL CRIME. By Janet Chance. 5s. (Noel Douglas.)

Intellectual criminals, says Mrs. Chance, are those who consciously or unconsciously act against the truth, and her book is a plea for intellectual clarity in every department of life. Few if any of us can escape the accusation of being intellectual criminals of one sort or other, to judge by the list the author gives. Sloppy thinking in family or public life, the misuse of the minds of children by wrong teaching, the failure to face the issue in questions of sex or religion—these and many more come under the author's strictures. Perhaps hers is a counsel of perfection, but it does us no harm to be shaken occasionally out of our self-complacency.

FINDING FOREIGN STATIONS: Long-distance Wireless Secrets. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)

This book enables the reader to receive Continental and American stations on a three- or four-valve set. Eminently practical, it deals with all problems from the beginner's choice of set to the expert's measuring instruments for maintaining efficiency. This amazing handbook is focused in its four-page table of contents.

THE NECESSITY FOR CATHOLIC REUNION. By the Rev. T. Whitton, M.A. 5s. (Williams & Norgate.)

"Faith, logic and history," in the author's view, all point to the need for reunion with the Holy See. The schisms which have disrupted Christendom he explains as largely due to the subordination of religion to the political ends of the State. It is unfortunate that he neglects to discuss the economic obstacles to reunion; but arguing from history and doctrine, he makes out an undoubted case for the view that a return to the Catholic fold is the logical outcome of the Anglo-Catholics' attitude, and the only alternative to their disintegration.

THE MARKETING OF LITERARY PROPERTY. By G. Herbert Thring. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

The late Secretary to the Authors' Society has devoted a long life "to the labour of protecting authors from the consequences of their own incorrigible unworldliness." In this book he explains the mysteries of the copyright laws, of royalty contracts, profit-sharing contracts, translation rights, serial rights, etc., with a lucidity which should make them comprehensible even to novelists and poets. Not the least of his achievements has been to extract a very generous and explanatory preface from Mr. Bernard Shaw.

EDWARD AND MARI-GOLD. By Marjorie Thorburn. 5s. (Allen & Unwin.)

Miss Thorburn must be congratulated on avoiding the two pitfalls which await the interpreter of the child-mind. Her Edward and Marigold are neither Wordsworthian proofs of immortality nor Freudian puppets. She sometimes endows them with a power of self-analysis which no child of three or five could possibly possess; but their experiences, their fantasies, fairylands, disenchantments and perplexities are those of most moderately imaginative children in normal surroundings. The illustrations by Miss Barbara Moray Williams are fascinating in themselves, and admirably in harmony with the text.

THE ART AND PRACTICE OF PRINTING. Vols. I and II. Edited by Wm. Atkins. 7s. 6d. per vol. (Pitman.)

The first two volumes suggest that this new six-volume reference work on printing will become indispensable to



Frontispiece.

From "Blood Oranges," by Francis Brett Young (White Owl Press).

all engaged, whether on the literary, the business or the technical side, in book and newspaper production. Dealing with the composing department, letterpress printing, lithographic printing, process block making, etc., it is devoted chiefly to the technique of printing. But the æsthetic element finds its place; and specimens are given of the many beautiful type faces which have recently been designed.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS. By Harold Dearden. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Here are thirty chapters in each of which at least one murder is done by a woman. In the Lizzie Borden episode there is a verse impossible to beat for mixture of the ludicrous and macabre. The author contributes little new in retelling the notable crimes of Maybrick and the rest. Murder most foul; yet the "pity of it."

WE'LL SHIFT OUR GROUND! Or TWO ON A TOUR. Almost a Novel. By Edmund Blunden and Sylva Norman. 7s. 6d. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Chloe and Duncan wander in emotion, and in France—particularly of War memories. The perverse prowlers encounter even Madeleine of La Ferme Espagnole, now garage-restaurant proprietor, as well as the shades of Héloïse and Abélard. Miss Norman contributes feminine diablerie; Mr. Blunden "undertones" to this modern Unsentimental (?) Journey; Chloe indeed trumps the trick of La Fleur.

THE COUNTERFEIT MURDERS.

By Victor MacClure. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Mr. Victor MacClure is one of those astonishingly versatile people; he is equally at home on the stage, with a paintbrush in his hand, or at the novelist's desk. He has written not a few readable books, but nothing to beat "The Counterfeit Murders." In the present craze for the eccentric detective it is refreshing to find a real, honest-to-goodness fellow like Inspector Burford, of decent manners, modest outlook and jolly good common sense. The plot is an excellent one, concerning the linking up of certain strange murders with a very convincing scheme by the Bolsheviks to upset the financial system of this country. The writer of this note is able to hazard a shrewd guess at the highly reliable sources from which Mr. MacClure has evidently drawn the information on which to base what is certainly one of the best crime stories published for a long time.

WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT.

By R. Austin Freeman. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is always a pleasure to follow the learned Dr. Thorndyke, medico-legal expert and lusty ally of Scotland Yard, through the mazes of the mysteries he unravels with such patient skill. "When Rogues Fall Out" is a story in three parts—the whole dovetailing into one absorbing tale. If it were necessary to hall-mark a Thorndyke book, it would be enough to say that this is in some sort a link with that notable work "The Red Thumb-Mark." After reading with unfailing pleasure some scores of Dr. Austin Freeman's long and short yarns, one has only to say that he has "done it agin," and done his readers proud with a thrilling and most ingenious story. Our old friend Dr. Jervis is with him again; we love Jervis, good soul; but could he be made just a *leettle* less Watsonish, please, Dr. Freeman?

SOME VICTORIAN AND GEORGIAN CATHOLICS.

By Patrick Braybrooke. 7s. 6d. (Burns & Oates.)

Essays on Coventry Patmore, Alice Meynell, Francis Thompson, Joseph Conrad, Canon Sheehan and Alfred Noyes. The author's aim is to relate his subjects' art to their Catholicism, but he recognises that no amount of orthodoxy can justify bad art. Hence his book, while it will please Catholics, can also be read with profit by non-Catholics.

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Athens: The Erechtheum.

From "Greece and the Aegean," by Ernest Gardner (Harrap).

IN QUEER STREET.

By William Roughead. 10s. 6d. (Green.)

The intelligent reader is apt to be suspicious of popular réchauffés; records of sensational trials written up for the laymen are, he feels, frivolous food for a public that battens on morbidity. This is not true of "In Queer Street"; in this new collection of strange trials by Mr. Roughead there is rich ore for the dramatist or story writer to work. The author does not play about with his material, but gives us the straight facts divested of legal irrelevance, tells us the jury's verdict, and leaves us to infer our own. Yet Mr. Roughead is no bare researcher for a fictionist who cannot afford a secretary; while he does not blame or excuse his subjects, ignoring their psychology, his able pen gives them a life which makes the other task worth his reader's while.

He employs a dry Scots manner in which the use of such words as "expiscatory" and "perlustrate" seem not uncouth affectations but natural and proper to his style. It is a manner apt both for the solemn horror of Christina Gall's death, and for the humours of Mr. Andrew Merrilies, who vanished one day and returned some weeks later with a tale of adventures fabricated for no discoverable reason yet plausible enough to set the whole of Scotland searching for his kidnappers. Again, there is the long, but very amusing, history of Boswell's queer client, Mr. Gilkie. Mr. Roughead apologised in his last book for having written seven volumes of criminal studies; it is a great deal, but if all are as good as the eighth, the labour needs no apology.

THE MEN OF NESS. By Eric Linklater. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

The author of "Juan in America" appears this time with a novel that is in both matter and manner a Norseland saga, a grimly fascinating, gaunt tale which has both good fighting and good writing. It is a story of Thorlief Coal-biter's sons, Orkney vikings, of a feud kept alive by a magnificently spirited woman, a wife typical of the best Icelandic tales, and of how revenge was accomplished. The period is when Alfred was in the midst of his Wessex struggle, and the setting is now Orkney and now the sea. Mr. Linklater has achieved in this book a stark beauty, and his literary skill has enabled him to impart great force to his narrative, for which he adopts the terse, laconic style of the old sagas. Savagery is piled on savagery, but grandeur saves the telling from monotony. This plain talk and these primitive deeds make a story that is vastly different from the average novel, a change that is like a breath of cold air. The account of the rough voyage of

Skallagrim's longship from Orkney to Northumbria is a fine piece of work; captured in these pages is the innate viking spirit, magnificent yet tragic, recklessly heroic but ultimately vain.

THEY COULD DO NO OTHER. By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Here is Mr. Phillpotts skilfully whipping Devonshire cream again, in a collection of twelve stories, most of them told as by a semi-rustic inhabitant of the West Countree. They have fun and fresh air in plenty, and homely philosophies garnish the cheerful tales about family affairs, matrimonial adventures, Devonshire farms, and the sea. Few pages have

no show of courtings and quarrels. It is a volume about the human nature of very colourful people, very Phillpottian people—who are however sometimes stage characters rather than credible, live beings. But the Phillpotts "fan" should not miss the book (nor should anyone who, by some strange chance, has not yet managed to make this writer's acquaintance) for the stories, though scarcely to be termed great, include some that are among the best of their kind.

HOMES AND GARDENS OF ENGLAND. By Harry Batsford and Charles Fry. 12s. 6d. (Batsford.)

Many luxurious and costly volumes have depicted the stately homes of England, but this is surely the first time they have come within range of the slender purse—at any rate in such attractive format. One hundred and seventy-five illustrations of one hundred and thirty-five fine old country houses and their gardens show a delightful panorama of the Mediæval, Tudor, Stuart and Georgian periods, with a few Victorian examples. Two distinct stages are noted—from the Middle Ages to the Civil War, and from thence to the reign of Victoria. It is a fascinating survey, teeming with descriptive and informative data.

EXTRACTS FROM THE KORAN. By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. 5s. (Blackie.)

This little volume, which is an earnestly pious apologia for the Moslem Faith, contains nothing which will be new to those who already know the excellence of the code of ethics compiled by the Prophet. Historians may however differ as to the evidence provided by the past in regard to the constant observance, which here appears to be claimed, of the precepts enjoined in regard to warfare.

TEN CONTEMPORARIES (Second Series): Notes toward their Definitive Bibliography. By John Gawswordh. 7s. 6d. With Original Essays by Dorothy M. Richardson, Frederick Carter, Liam O'Flaherty, Stella Benson, Oliver Onions, E. M. Delafield, Thomas Burke, L. A. G. Strong, John Collier and H. E. Bates. With a Prefatory Note by Percy H. Muir. (Joiner & Steele.)

Its title fully describes the aim and scope of this volume. The essays contributed by the ten authors with whose works it deals are for the most part pleasantly autobiographical. But Mr. Burke shows himself to be out of sympathy, saying that "all writers who have no private means and who support themselves and their dependents by their writing, publish at one time and another a deal of rubbish—jobs done as jobs." Therefore he deprecates what evidently he considers to be the ghoulish methods of bibliographers and book collectors.

THE NEW LEARNING : A CONTRIBUTION TO A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORLD. Edited by F. J. E. Raby. 8s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)

This age, of transition or renaissance, is riddlemere to the layman. Mr. Raby and his collaborators aim at presenting a summary of new themes, though they honestly confess that psychology is a science only in infancy; history no science. Theology, philosophy, æsthetic theory (with deference to Croce and recognition of English thinkers), biology, the physical universe are all unpedantically charted.

GONE ABROAD AGAIN. By Charles Graves. 6s. (Nicholson & Watson.)

A sub-title for this book of travels in the Eastern Mediterranean might be what Baedeker does not know—at least what is not indicated. Mr. Graves is an anecdotal cicerone, and if he paints Constantinople as usual—"city of beards, bootblacks, beggars, mosques and starving kittens"—his tribute to Victoria (Station) as starting-point of the glamour he enjoys, redounds to his credit.

A GAME OF GOLF. By Francis Ouimet. 7s. 7d. (Hutchinson.)

This book of reminiscence is, as the golfing editor of *The Times* forewords, really golfing history. The main theme is naturally American—though St. Andrews cannot be left out of the picture. The champion's reflection that golf is an "'umblin' game" epitomises the charm of these recollections—game, he concludes, of infinite theories—"that's why we keep at it."

MARY BAKER EDDY : THE TRUTH AND THE TRADITION. By Ernest Sutherland Bates and John W. Dittmore. 16s. (Routledge.)

This biography, in which the late Dr. Bates did all the actual literary work—Mr. Dittmore has had unparalleled opportunity of ascertaining facts—aims not at maliciously destroying a legend, but at drawing a true portrait. The influence of Mrs. Eddy's early frugal years is finely brought out, and her ideal, not always realised, to be ever simple and dignified.

SIX LITERARY MARRIAGES. By Robert Neumann. Translated from the German by Brian W. Downs. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

A series of very vivid sketches of the intimate lives of Shelley, Strindberg, Dostoevsky, Goethe, Byron and Balzac. Short, concise and rapid as they are, these sketches bear clear evidence of being the result of exhaustive and sympathetic research. Mr. Down's rendering into English is very admirable.

EARLY STEPS IN HUMAN PROGRESS. By Harold J. Peake. 12s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

This is a scholarly but somewhat colourless description of the physical characteristics of our prehistoric ancestors, and an account of their first efforts in painting, agriculture, handicrafts and domestication of animals. Doubtless Mr. Peake knows his subject very thoroughly, but the cavemen obstinately refuse to come alive for the ordinary reader.

THE MEDITERRANEAN IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. 8s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

A masterly work for the general reader as well as the scholar. Rome claims the greater part of the history. Yet Dr. Rose laments the downfall of Carthage. There was room for two great cities, for two cultures. From Rhodes, the only Greek state with a consistent sea policy, to Marseilles, "world" centre when Paris consisted of mud huts, the author sails, ever vindicating his contention that history has been written too much from the land.

THE LIFE OF FATHER AUGUSTINE BAKER, O.S.B. : 1575-1641. From the MSS. of Peter Salvin and Serenus Cressy. Edited by Dom Justin McCann, O.S.B. 6s. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

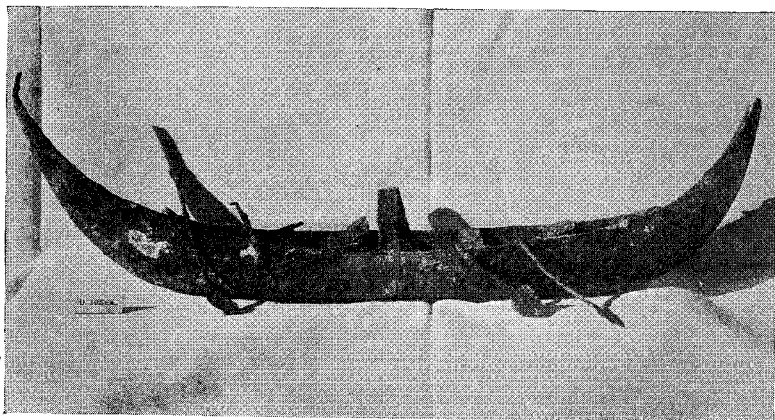
The editor of this volume has given us in modern English two valuable accounts, written shortly before his death, of a man who after his own life had been saved by what appeared to be nothing less than miraculous intervention, after he had uttered an almost unconscious prayer, joined the Order of St. Benedict and constantly preached prayer as the greatest religious service.

THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP. By H. G. Wells. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Wells, in writing his last novel, has shown us that in lucidity and compression he is still a great master of story-telling. Every incident, every conversation bears upon the main theme and is amusingly recorded. His characters are drawn surely in few strokes, and from a technical point of view one can only stand and admire. It is when one regards the book as a whole that admiration gives place to criticism, and one can only deplore the submergence of the artist in the pamphleteer. For Mr. Wells has not, as an artist, intuitively realised and recreated the values inherent in a story but, having first thought out a clean-cut little problem, proceeds to create figures which have no more convincing reality than realistic puppets, and set them acting to illustrate his thesis. Even the problem is not convincingly stated, for the hero, whose tragedy is that he refuses to face facts and finally deceives himself, is opposed not to another Bulpington, who is true to his ideals, but to a scientist, whose attitude to life might quite justifiably be considered of no greater value than that of Bulpington had he not betrayed himself.

THE ENGLISH MUSE. By Oliver Elton. 15s. (Bell.)

In "The English Muse" Professor Elton attempts the very difficult task of giving an outline of English poetry from its beginnings to the present day—an outline not merely of facts and dates, but one which is also to a slight extent appreciative and critical. A purely informative guide-book might be useful, and a more thorough exposition of Professor Elton's criticism might also serve some purpose. This present book, however, seems to be a mixture which is not likely to help any student of criticism or history of English literature, although Dr. Elton's remarks upon most changes of prosody which occur. His critical predilections are, one gathers, for the uplifting in thought and the simple in expression, but it is curious and not very helpful to be told, apparently as a high warrant to greatness, that lines in "Julius Caesar" "are sayings that a boy can feel," or "much of the verse in 'Hamlet' is unbeautiful, and this for good dramatic reasons." Many more able critics might hesitate to pronounce so surely upon what constituted beauty, or to dismiss Hamlet's talk with his mother as an instance of Shakespeare's being hampered by his story. This outline is very complete in the number of poets mentioned.



Silver Model of Boat from Ur.

From "Early Steps in Human Progress," by Harold J. Peake (Sampson Low).

METTERNICH. By Algernon Cecil. 9s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

Mr. Cecil has intended this study of Metternich to be "neither too utterly light for the library nor too impossibly heavy for the travelling bag." His style rather reflects this divided ambition, for he rarely states a fact dryly in few words, and has a habit of rarely naming a person if a short descriptive phrase can be of service—this presumably for the traveller who must be entertained. Yet he never falls into committing a witticism presumably lest it should be out of place in the library.

If one perseveres with the book, there does emerge a conception of Metternich which is built upon no undue hero-worship, but upon a respect due to this statesman's wide vision, laudable moderation and sensible recognition of things as they happen to be. It is a study which was needed, and Mr. Cecil has selected his facts and presented his case admirably, only to spoil the effect by fearing to be dull.

THE STORY OF THE GARDEN. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. 16s. (Medici Society.)

Miss Rohde must be acknowledged as one of the greatest authorities upon the garden, whether it be the early monastic, the Elizabethan, the garden of Stuart times or the great landscape artists of the eighteenth century, as readers of *THE BOOKMAN* know. Nor does her learning overburden her, for the enthusiasm with which she writes on her subject will charm every reader, and the illustrations and format of the book are to be as sincerely recommended as its contents. Miss Rohde herself writes an interesting chapter upon the Victorian and Edwardian eras, and the work is completed by Mrs. Francis King's addition of a chapter dealing with American gardens.

ACORNED HOG. By Shamus Frazer. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

The publishers inform us that Mr. Frazer is still an undergraduate at Oxford, and we can congratulate him upon not writing upon his university experiences. He has chosen a wider field, which might hold some interest for an adult audience. His satire, or buffoonery, is however usually without point and hardly ever amusing.

LOUIS PHILIPPE. By C. I. Garvin. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

This biography is a model of neatness. There is no sentence wasted and almost every word which Dr. Gavin writes is annotated. The result is an amazingly comprehensive, amusing and lucid sketch of one of the most important and often neglected periods of French history. Not only should it be a very useful book for students, but it might well serve to remind many modern writers of history that history itself can be entertaining enough without excessive fine writing or a plethora of personal observations.

GEORGE CRABBE.
D. G. ROSSETTI.

Anthologies by F. L. Lucas. 3s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. Lucas shows in these two volumes an amazing power of appreciating sincerely poetry of the most opposed kind, and again he contributes very charmingly discursive prefaces upon the characteristics of their verse and the eccentricities of the poets' lives. Crabbe's faculty for turning drab scenery and drabber lives into poetry, and Rossetti's sensuousity and struggles with his divided nature, are both illustrated well by the extracts which Mr. Lucas has chosen. Indeed there is little of worth which could be added to either of these anthologies from the poets' collected works, and if Mr. Lucas sometimes reminds us of a slightly blasé though untiring collector of bizarre objects, whose value he does not judge, we can be sure he will overlook no amusing feature of life or writing which is present.

THE LIFE OF IVAR KREUGER. By George Soloveytechik. 5s. net. (Peter Davies.)

Up to the moment of his death, Kreuger was popularly known and almost worshipped in his own country as the "Match King." In the light of recent disclosures the "King of Confidence" would seem more apt.

For many years this extraordinary man hoodwinked the very elect of high finance, including two of his co-directors, who occupied leading positions in the banking world. On his bare word he obtained credits to the value of hundreds of millions of pounds sterling.

Probably it will never be known whether he constantly believed that, given time and more time, a successful end would justify all the unscrupulousness of his methods, nor, otherwise, why he erected his financial house of cards.

There have been many dishonest company promoters and directors, but no others have ever attempted fraud on the gigantic scale carried out by Kreuger.

PRIORSFORD. By O. Douglas. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Friends of Jean Jardine—who in "Penny Plain," a former delightful book by O. Douglas, lived at "The Rigs," mothered her brothers, and made herself generally beloved in and about Priorsford—will receive with undiluted pleasure this story which carries on the lives of Jean (as Lady Bidborough), her three children, and her circle of old and new friends. Circumstances part Jean from her husband for many months, and instead of living that time of separation in the stately home of Mintern Abbas, with its manifold responsibilities, she yearns to go back to the Scottish home of her girlhood and the faces she knew so well. The record of those months in Scotland, and the happy reunion in England make this book; and let no one think that it cannot be enjoyed without knowledge of the former book. There is fun in it, and there are thrills and amusements. Jean's brothers have grown up in the nine years which have passed, and David at any rate is old enough to lose



Ex-King Amanullah Khan.

From "The Tragedy of Amanullah," by Sirdar Ikhbal Ali Shah (Ouseley).

his heart. Priorsford has become a very real place to the readers of this book long before they reach the end, that little town where the hills look down on the beautiful, quivering Tweed, and we shall be much surprised if the new readers of this pleasant story do not, one and all, straightway decide to learn of Lady Bidborough's early life and struggles and great happiness in the pages of "Penny Plain."

THE GOLDEN BEE. By Patrick R. Chalmers. 7s. 6d. net. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

The old City firm of Greator & Co., London and South American brokers, had received some staggering blows, and it was the happy thought of its normal head, Mr. Cyril Entessen, to surmount the difficulty by persuading his partner, Philip Cochran, to bring his son into the firm. Tony Cochran was a young landowner with a fortune in his own right, and he was easily induced by his plausible father to put his money in the storm-tossed ship. The young man however had inherited financial acumen, and it did not take him long to discover the sharp practice of which he was the victim. Asserting his position in the firm, he made it his business to retrieve the honour of the Golden Bee (the company's ancient sign) and to get level with Cyril Entessen, whose financial methods were as shady as his morals were loose. In these endeavours he was greatly aided by Entessen's secretary, Jane Gort, who becomes the very charming heroine of a delightful and unusual love story. This excellent novel has a large and varied cast, and the interest and the characterisation are admirably maintained. The relations of father and son are very skilfully depicted—the one unscrupulous and a little ashamed, the other wary and open-eyed, but generous and loyal. This is a notably good book and will give pleasure to many readers.

AS THE ROSE. By W. J. Grant. 7s. 6d. (Ingpen & Grant.)

"As the Rose" is a pleasant, unambitious tale of an artist, tired of fame, who turns to philanthropy, the scene of his operations being a Scottish village. The author probably knows how removed from life his story is; at any rate his readers, while they enjoy the book, will not be convinced by it.

THE LILY FIELD. By Constance Rutherford. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Denise, the frail Parisienne, is torn between patriotism and love for Jacques, who has traitorously taken service with the English. Their lives are wrenched apart by the storms of war which rage over France, and when they meet again Jacques dies to save Denise from imprisonment. "The lily field" of France during the Hundred Years' War makes a picturesque background to this stirring novel.

ENGLAND, THEIR ENGLAND. By A. G. Macdonell. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

A young Scotsman, bent on writing a book about the English, studies their behaviour in town and country, in business, politics, society and sport. He concludes that they must be a race of poets (i.e. a race of muddleheads). Mr. Macdonell appears to have been taken in by the Englishman's genius for dressing up his defects as virtues. But his novel, though lacking in fundamental seriousness and sting, is a highly entertaining exposure of the more obvious absurdities of English life and character.

IMMORTAL MEMORY: The Comedy of a Reputation. By Christine Orr. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A novel of to-day and to-day's people, all of whom are living human beings, and most of whom share with the author the peculiarity of Scots mentality which perceives a vein of humour in everything and every circumstance of life. Altogether pleasantly readable and amusing.

AN ORIGINAL JEWEL ROBBERY

The Sapphire.

By A. E. W. Mason. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The work of Mr. A. E. W. Mason is never derivative. Having said that one can, without risk of misunderstanding, say of his latest story, "The Sapphire," that it is like some cordial compounded with skill and betraying a touch of Conrad, a touch of the Wallace who used to write of the jungle, a smack of Dornford Yates and a reminiscence of the early Kipling who wrote "Letters of Marque."

The body of the liquor is Mason, but these other flavours are there. The tale concerns a sapphire which was given to Captain Michael Crowther by the Burmese wife he was deserting. For a chapter or two it seems that Crowther is to rival the hero of "The Moon and Sixpence" in selfishness-with-a-purpose, but he changes. Having deserted his Burmese wife and child, he returns to find them again. They are alive, but out of his reach. He becomes a Buddhist monk, and the sapphire, with certain other ornaments, adorn a temple, from whence they are stolen by two escaped convicts in monkish masquerade.

It is the search for the stolen stone which is the thread of the story, but it is not so much the search as the seekers who are its interest. The tale is told in the first person by the narrator, Legatt, and carries a conviction that is necessary to justify some of the coincidences whereby the narrator twice and thrice encounters Crowther and is twice concerned with the sapphire, which is more than once stolen. The pace of the story is free from that crowded hustle which mars many modern mystery and adventure tales, and whether the scene is in Burma or in London, the psychological atmosphere of its main protagonists is maintained with all Mr. Mason's habitual skill. Michael Crowther is an unusual character, and his transition from the old personality to the new gives him a complexity during the search for the jewel which adds an interest to the tale by no means dependent upon the excitements of the chase.

C. B.

REPRINTS

The small pocket editions which so many publishers issue nowadays are in great demand. More and more it seems the buyers of books tend to wait until a book has reached its three shillings and sixpence stage before actually adding it to their library.

The new Adelphi Library, which was started by Martin Secker in 1925, is now being published jointly by Messrs. Secker and Dent, and under this new combination has issued eight new volumes recently of which the most outstanding is D. H. Lawrence's "Assorted Articles" and Joseph Conrad's "Nostromo."

To many readers however the outstanding reprint comes from Messrs. Edwin Arnold in their Kingfisher Library, and is the first cheap edition of one of the greatest of modern novels, "A Passage to India," by E. M. Forster. This novel occupies a unique place in post-War achievement. Originally published in 1924, it has been reprinted nine times, and its author in the estimation of many critics stands as the greatest novelist writing to-day. At a time when the problem of India is so much in the forefront of political news, this reprint is especially valuable in introducing more readers to the real Anglo-India. Mr. Forster's "Howards End" is also available in the same edition.

A new series comes from the Cambridge University Press, called "The Cambridge Miscellany." The first six volumes are "Small Talk at Wreyland," by Cecil Torr; "Marlborough and Other Poems," by Charles Sorley; "A Small Boy in the Sixties," by George Sturt; "Two Saints: St. Bernard and St. Francis," by G. G. Coulton; "The Influence of Christ in the Ancient World," by T. R. Glover; "The Small Years," by Frank Kendon.

All the books mentioned above cost three shillings and sixpence.

E. P.

A FAREWELL—AND SOME WELCOMES

By Vernon Knowles

Farewell, My Muse.

By Clifford Bax. 8s. 6d. (Lovat Dickson.)

Poems : 1930-31.

By W. H. Davies. 3s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

The Best Poems of 1932.

6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Trial Balance.

By John V. A. Weaver. 6s. (Cassell.)

Penelope's Apocalypse.

By H. J. R. Saint. 6s. (Duckworth.)

New Love Poems.

By Sir Walter Scott. 5s. (Blackwell.)

Love Lyrics from Five Centuries.

12s. 6d. (Harrap.)

When a man declares that he has given up poetry, that he will write no more, he is quite obviously suspect on two counts. Either he is a true poet and is deceiving himself, since no true poet can "give up" poetry any more than he can give up breathing and still live; or he is simply a versifier, one who dabbles in metrical compositions, untouched by conviction or passion, and who is therefore perfectly at liberty to take up, or put away, his self-willed task at any time. An examination of his work will show quickly which he is.

Mr. Clifford Bax prefaces his collected poems, "Farewell My Muse," with a long explanation of exactly why he intends to write no more verse. At the age of about forty-five he looks about him and shakes his head: the future of poetry seems dark to him; he despairs. We have become too "clever"; there are "so many mechanical inventions and banal amusements" that we now lack the depth and simplicity of mind that he feels sure is the necessary state in which to receive and assimilate poetry. It does not seem to occur to him that Poetry is fluid, not static: that it is constantly altering its outer dress (while retaining its unchanging inner essence) to conform with the altering times: that it marches with the generations, keeping step with them, speaking always with the voice of the Moment. Nor does he seem to remember that every age begets its own appropriate poetry, and that the present non-simple age is of course no exception. In many respects the present is an age of reason, as the eighteenth century was; and as the eighteenth century ended in a sort of spiritual renaissance with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and Keats, so there are not wanting people to-day who see through the present confusion of transition to a similar promise ahead. The assertion of Mr. Bax that "poetry represents a bygone phase in the history of the human mind" will find no ready acceptance by psychologist or philosopher. And indeed we have but to glance at the publishers' lists to see that the volume of verse being issued to-day, if somewhat less than twenty or thirty years ago, is as forthcoming and steady as ever, and certainly of a much higher level of achievement. The exchange of quality for quantity is often a cause for congratulation, and, in the case of verse, does not necessarily call for despair of the present and future.

It would seem then that Mr. Bax's "Valedictory Note" is of a certain superficiality, and this quality is in evidence in the ensuing work. Conviction and passion are totally lacking; the work is uninspired and unambitious. The sight of a pretty girl in a train; a glimpse of a charming scene; a kindness rendered him by strangers—these are the mainspring of his writing. Here is the facility of youth, and its corresponding *naïveté* and too-oft banality. That he has written so much is obvious proof of a primary ambition, but the opening lines of one of his pieces may be said to be the summary of his achievement (the "valleys and mountains" being the symbols of Poetry):

"Haunted from boyhood by a dream of valleys and mountains
Lovelier than England's, and having beheld them nowhere"—

having beheld them nowhere—that is the measure of his failure.

What shall be said of Mr. W. H. Davies? What can be said, save that he goes on? The years do not wither nor does custom stale his small variety: night and the stars, dog and cat, leaves and the wind, birds and sheep: the familiar changes are rung: the remembered music is there: the outward form is as it has always been; perhaps the inward and spiritual grace is a trifle attenuated. If the old freshness and spontaneity are somewhat lacking, the poems make a brave showing of them, and the collection is welcome for the sake of at least two poems, "Trails" and "Kiss and Blow"—sparkling gems among much deceitful paste.

When we come to "The Best Poems of 1932," the old gibe about modern poets being at their best when rigorously anthologised does seem to have much of truth in it. Here are some eighty poems by nearly as many poets: a fine catholic assemblage. Mr. Bax's Lament for Poetry Dead seems altogether too premature! Out of such a body of excellent work it is difficult to draw examples, but outstanding even so are the poems of Mr. Squire, Mr. Ashcroft, Miss Salisbury, Mr. Thompson and Miss Comfort. Mr. Moulton is to be congratulated on his selection: this year's is easily the best of the series.

Mr. Weaver's "Trial Balance" is a piece of quick biography: an examination of boyhood and early manhood, undertaken by reason of the author having reached a "Certain Point" in his development. The account moves rapidly: now in staccato free verse—

"I shall make an inventory,
a spiritual book-keeping,
a listing of soul-assets.
I must take stock.
For see, my age is thirty-eight";

and now in rhymed doggerel—

"Whip down passion;
hark to duty;
turn a frightened
back on beauty;
you can remember
all life long
that you did
nothing wrong."

It is a sincere piece of work, fearless and unsparing, which somehow, with the best of intentions, fails to arrive at anything definite or constructive. He has listed his "soul-assets" one by one, but there is no indication of how he effected a balance between the debits and credits.

Mr. Saint takes his Penelope, awakened in 1922 from a sleep that had lasted from 1858, through post-war London and records in technically-excellent satiric stanzas her impressions and emotions. A very competent satire that would have gained in point by being half its length, Mr. Saint makes all the obvious points with some subtlety and much grace.

The "New Love Poems" by Sir Walter Scott discovered by chance by Mr. Davidson Cook in the narrative of an unknown love episode with Jessie — (the surname is not known) of Kelso, will add nothing to Scott's reputation. The poems are due to a very youthful infatuation that rose up and died down in the course of a couple of years. They are however of paramount interest and importance in their revelation of the youth's facility of expression and technical equipment, and foreshadow the future accomplishment of the great novelist.

Of "Love Lyrics From Five Centuries," selected by Mr. George G. Harrap, it is sufficient to say that here are all the best and most familiar love poems from the sixteenth century to the present day—from Campion and Greene to Bridges and Yeats.

TENDER AND OTHER PASSIONS

By Christopher Saltmarshe

My Bones Will Keep.

By Maurice Richardson. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

First Lesson.

By James Aston. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Apples By Night.

By H. A. Manhood. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Conversation Piece.

By M. J. Farrell. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

The Four Strangers.

By Edward Albert. 7s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)

Belinda Grove.

By Helen Ashton. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

Rroû.

By Maurice Genevoix. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

We must ever be grateful to Ronald Firbank for Evelyn Waugh, and to Evelyn Waugh for writing such amusing books about people who live tediously vicious and unintelligent lives. To see how tedious they can be, described dispassionately and unsalted by wit, one has only to scan the last chapters of "My Bones Will Keep," Maurice Richardson's saga of a young man who, after being accorded the liberal education of an Englishman and a gentleman, drifts into a weary existence of drunkenness and vice. The early part of the book, which deals with Thomas at his preparatory and public schools, is entertaining and refreshing, while lacking the continuity of "Sinister Street." Thomas Swayne does not, like Michael Fane, expand in character and interest, but steadily pales into the insignificance of his fellow ghosts. His decline appears to have started from the last week at the "prep." school, when the head master made him read, as a preparation for the wicked world, "Healthy Boyhood," a pamphlet of the "Say It With Flowers" school, which began with primroses and went on to parents. Thenceforward our "Young Apollo" never looks back, and maunders through a series of dull affairs until the end of the book, which comes as a sudden, meaningless yet welcome black-out. As an exposure of the education and manners of a slight section of contemporary English society, this book may be a valuable social document. It contains only two sympathetic characters—the little boy with "ripping" hair, who declines to go for a walk with Thomas's lovesick fag-master, and Sybil Goole, the young married woman who, to Thomas's intense surprise and mortification, has not the slightest desire to make love to him.

To turn from the prosaic depravities of a young Oxonian to the latter-day lusts of a Cambridge don is a welcome relief. In "First Lesson," "James Aston" has produced a novel which, while it definitely falls short of its predecessor, "They Winter Abroad," has the same vivacity and fluency, which make it eminently readable. The scene is again set in Italy, this time with less originality in Capri, a fashionable setting popularised by Munthe, Norman Douglas and Compton Mackenzie among others. That Capri air seems to have exerted an extraordinary influence on the behaviour of visitors ever since the "secret debaucheries and mischievous privacy" of Tiberius, and Mr. Belfry is no exception to the amorous rule, principally because he comes to the island with a particular object in view. His thwarted passions and even less successful triumphs are sometimes amusing, but more often painful. He is like some lascivious Mr. Ledbury, or any other comic Victorian abroad, but one cannot help pitying this helpless creature when Beatrice leaves him for the more virile Platanov: "'Please don't go. I won't be ill-tempered, I promise you. This will be a lesson to me, Beatrice. You will come back to me after all?' She would not speak." For a moment the book wavers on the verge of sheer tragedy, and then relapses into the fantastic with Mr. Belfry returning to Cambridge and his calceolarias. This would have been a much better book had the character of Mr. Belfry not been overdrawn. Finally few should be deceived by the suggestion that "James Aston" is Aldous Huxley, Richard Hughes or Osbert Sitwell, singly or in syndicate, since it is obviously unfair both to them and to whoever may be hiding under the *nom de plume*, while it is also

apparent in this, his second book, that Mr. "Aston" is developing a very personal style.

For those who prefer sheer drama to the amusing, "Apples by Night," by H. A. Manhood, may be recommended. Of the short stories which compose this companion volume to "Nightseed" by far the best is the first, from which the book takes its title. The author has both a taste for "nature in the raw" and a crisp, virile style which is an admirable medium for expressing it. His remarkable strength and feeling for the intrinsic value of words may be judged from the following passage:

"The bedclothes dragged like a galling harness, and the pillow was hard and piggish under her head. The sour-patterned paper upon the wall and ceiling bulged everywhere in the likeness of hateful, listening flesh. No breath of wind came through the wedged-open window. An immense stillness had dropped upon the valley. Apples waited in their fall, and rats sat like thistles fallen under the scythe."

This book has indeed the tang of "rough" cider, and creates the atmosphere of the West Country without resorting to any irritating incoherences of dialect, which is more than can be said for Miss Farrell's "Conversation Piece" or the North-West stories in "The Four Strangers," by Edward Albert. The former, a novel of the "Irish Scene," portrays county life at Pullinstown with as many point-to-points and cubbings as the hardest rider to hounds might desire. One closes the book positively deafened by the thud of hooves. "Four Strangers" is a short sentimental story staged under the shadow of the Edinburgh War Memorial, with the common brotherhood of humanity as its theme. It is in the "Tales of the North-West," which occupy the greater part of the book, that Mr. Albert lapses into the Scottish vernacular in a way which doubtless would have excited comment from Dr. Johnson.

Miss Ashton's book, "Belinda Grove," may be described as the life and death of a house. Erected in 1815 by an astute builder, who had been inspired by "the pale, classic terraces of Nash and Burton," Belinda Grove "stood innocently" among the fields which are now the slums of North London, and "waited for its ghosts." The latter are too numerous and diverse to describe, and range from the Regency rake, who kept his mistress there and lured "pigeons" out for a game of faro, to the young man murdered by a chemist in 1925 and the film "ghosts" who flitted in and out of the sets, when the house became the film studios of Historical Films Ltd. in 1926. An interesting point is raised during the last period, when the shade of Captain Martlet appears during the "shooting" of a big film, and, although plainly visible to everybody present, is not recorded by the camera, which appears to have "lied" in the most flagrant anti-psychical way. While Miss Ashton has a talent for description and a feeling for architecture (which was evident in "Bricks and Mortar" and must be based on something more than book learning), she gives the impression that she is over-dependent on historical research for her "colour." This is particularly noticeable in the flagrant way in which she borrows Joanna Southcott and sets her up in Belinda Grove as the eccentric fanatic, Deborah Hayter, without troubling to alter the bare and astonishing facts of Joanna's later life.

The French have always been attracted by the cat. Its affinity with the occult, its sensuous physical charm which Eliot compares to "a fur folding a fur," its talent for nocturnal amours—all these characteristics appeal most particularly to the Gallic mind. Like "Mouti, Chat de Paris," by Charles Derennes, "Rroû" must be far better in the original than in its often awkward and stilted translation. Nevertheless it is quite a contribution to feline literature, and Rroû himself is a lovable filibuster who, although he never rises to the intelligent heights of Algernon Blackwood's masterly "Gilderoy," directs his life on the eternal principle which Chaucer recognised when he wrote:

"And if the catte's skin be sleek and gay
She wol not dwell in house half-a-day;
But forth she wol, ere any day be dawed,
To show her skin, and gone a-caterwawed."

For the Writers of To-Morrow

SOME ASPECTS OF THE NEWSPAPER

By Alfred Dunning

Last month I referred to the newspaper as an essential part of your reading. Now I suggest we must examine some aspects of this "modern miracle," in the light of its requirements and of your ability to supply them.

Newspapers have individualities comparable with those of human beings. Each has a nature determined by ownership, class of reader, area of circulation and so on. Yet the life-blood of each is News.

To a great extent it will be beyond you, as an outside contributor, to supply much of this—at any rate to the more important papers. If you attempt it you will be competing with staff men, local correspondents and powerful news agencies—and competing moreover without credentials. In such circumstances the task is a hopeless one, unless you happen by accident to be first in the field when some big news item "breaks."

The case is somewhat different when it concerns local and usually weekly journals. The writing of the most mundane items of news for such publications is not to be despised, since, apart from pride of print, it may well be the means of leading you to "higher things." But in making your offerings to local papers, study their tastes in news and their modes of expression, as intently as you would those of a national daily. Above all do not take on superior airs—writing with a view to "wakening up the old rag." Remember its financial position may have been built up—and kept up—on sober writing and make-up, and some of the very men who are editing more "modern" papers may have been cradled in its printing-office-cum-circulating-library.

The "higher things" to which contributions to local papers may lead are many, but they may be shortly classed as "Features." Practically every daily has a staff of writers, often outside men, who deal with the various non-topical parts of the news. They write articles on gardening, wireless, motoring, bridge, angling, engineering and a score of other subjects. In each case their prime duty is to reflect news in these features, just as it is reflected in other parts of the paper. But they have this advantage, that with it they may add—and are indeed paid for—views. The news itself is usually supplied to them by a careful up-to-the-minute scrutiny of the main news pages of the paper. It is for them to interpret it.

As a news writer your concern with "Features" is two-fold. If you can persuade a local paper to accept a weekly half-column dealing with something on which you are expert, and which—this is vital—is likely to appeal to a majority of readers, well and good. Such a thing is not impossible, nor even improbable, if you go to the trouble of preparing sample articles and showing that you really are more expert than the average reader of the paper.

The other, and even better way of becoming a feature-

writer is to discover some new topic for writing up—or rather some new way of approaching or stimulating an existing topic. This I admit is no easy thing. Yet it has been done, as anyone who reads "Ripley" and his disciples in other papers must realise.

While talking of features, it will be as well to point out that all articles of this nature appearing in the Press, and particularly in the local Press, are not written by local writers. They are often syndicated—that is, sent out by an organisation to several papers at once, no one paper being within the circulation area of another. Payment made by the syndicate to the author in such cases is of course higher than that which he would receive were he to submit his work to one paper only. At the same time matter needs to be of a high standard, and usually by an acknowledged expert, before it is accepted by a syndicate.

News and features apart, the other field for the free-lance in newspaper work lies in the so-called Magazine Page. Here are found the short miscellaneous articles, and notice, in nine cases out of ten, they are written round some recent item of news. By "recent" I do not mean a week old. For this reason you will do well to cultivate whatever gifts of prophecy you possess. It is usually too late to begin writing an article *after* the event, unless of course the news is totally unforeseen.

To help you, you may find it useful to compile a list of the year's anniversaries, festivals and so forth. From this you can prepare "topical" articles well in advance. But here again it is well to select some of the less obvious ones, for the others will almost certainly be dealt with either by staff men or experts on whom the editor can rely for up-to-the-minute information. Thus it is practically no use your contemplating an article on the coming Wilberforce centenary, unless of course you possess some information which is of an exclusive nature. So far as local Press work is concerned, the Magazine Page is not generally carried. You might however persuade the local editor to take articles of peculiar interest to his readers in the town, though if you attempt this, try to offer something away from archaeology and local antiquities. Your librarian might prove very helpful in assisting you to compile a diary of forthcoming local or national events.

Competition

Write a short article (maximum length, three hundred and fifty words) suitable only for a local weekly—your own for preference—and based on some topical happening within the circulation area of that paper. The article must be written in the style of the paper (not parodying it), and must not proffer results of research into local archaeology, folk-lore, topography, etc. In other words it must be "modern."

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than April 7th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

- I.—ONE GUINEA for the best appreciation of John Galsworthy, in not more than two hundred and fifty words.
- II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best lines of verse (not exceeding six), suitable for putting in a book to suggest kindly but firmly that the owner wishes the borrower to return it within a reasonable time.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from English poetry of the twentieth century, applicable to any book advertised in this number.

IV.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

Results of January Competitions

I.—The sonnets which might have been written by a celebrated native of Stratford on the occasion of the opening of one of Mr. Woolworth's stores in his town, resulted in a majority of opening lines: "O call not me to justify the wrong," over "O how thy worth with manners may I sing?" Many competitors, impressed by the fact that Shakespeare's attitude would be a matter of debate, supplied sonnets on both sides. Miss Stanley (Keighley) reached an equally high standard "pro" and "con," and must be congratulated on her final couplets:

Insidious catch-phrase that my soul abhors:
"There's nothing over sixpence in these stores."

and on the other hand:

Creating confidence thy motto scores:
"There's nothing over sixpence in these stores."

The ingenuity of G. B. Attwell (London) in working into his sonnets many of Shakespeare's own puns, and of the Rev. E. J. Matthews (Calne) in utilising the titles of so many of Shakespeare's plays, also deserve comment. The prize of ONE GUINEA is awarded to L. V. Upward, 3, Adamson Road, Hampstead, London, W.3, for the following:

O call me not to justify the wrong
That, unawares, an alien merchant lays
Upon the simple townsmen; for my song
Shall be attun'd to blame and not to praise.
How can I sing, while marking the distress—
Engender'd by his skilful huckstering—
Of rustic traders, save with bitterness?
Or how forbear with barbed point to sting
One whom ambition sways in such degree
That he must stain a corner of the earth
Which should be sacred to my memory,
Bedaubing it with goods of trifling worth—
One whose blunt ways, unmask'd by this event,
Match with his name in being flocculent?

Specially commended are P. Ellison (Glasgow), Marion Walker (Southport), Patrick Howarth (Rugby), P. M. Stone (Waltham, U.S.A.), David Grieve Tuckwell (Victoria, Canada), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), C. G. Wright (Bedford), Melfin W. Jones (Cardiff), Christina G. Swete (Guernsey), Enid Heriz Smith (Basingstoke), H. R. Maule (Reading), C. J. M. Robson (Saffron Walden, Essex), V. M. Aldridge (Gloucester), Mary C. Fowler (London), John Purdie (Paisley), John E. Woods (Coventry), Mrs. Jean Corke (Malvern), Miss Newman (Dorset), W. B. Morris (London).

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the most suitable acknowledgment, in not more than one hundred words, by a President of the United States of America, on receiving the sum of forty dollars subscribed by the members of a West African cannibal tribe on learning from a missionary of the economic depression in America, is awarded to J. H. G. Gibbs, "Fosters," Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex, for the following:

My friends. I am deeply touched by the gift which the Reverend Mr. Cowan has handed me on your behalf. The heart of this great people will thrill at the hearing of it, as

hear they shall in my Inaugural Address. You have shown a magnanimity that is all the more striking for your confessed inability to understand out unwillingness to relieve our present distress by consumption of the distressed. Unprejudiced by our apparent foibles, you have considered only our need and the most practical method of expressing your sympathy. Your action is truly civilised in the highest sense.

Highly commended are the letters from John E. Woods (Coventry), Stella Bull (Wanstead), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), "Rollestone" (Leyland), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Ethel Kennedy (London), L. V. Upward (London), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow).

III.—HALF A GUINEA to answers to the following questions: What is (i) the greatest tragedy, (ii) the greatest comedy, (iii) the greatest sonnet, (iv) the greatest single line, (v) the greatest novel, in English literature? is awarded to Miss A. S. Mackay, St. John's Manse, Torphichen, Scotland, for the following:

(i) The greatest tragedy—"Hamlet," because the soul conflict and the problems that arise from it are common to humanity.

(ii) The greatest comedy—"The School for Scandal," because the types are perennial and the humour will never grow stale.

(iii) The greatest sonnet—Milton's Sonnet "On His Blindness," because of the nobility of the central idea, the climax and the majesty, restraint and dignity of the language.

(iv) The greatest single line—Sir Thomas Browne's "There is surely a piece of divinity within us, that was before the elements and owes no homage to the Sun."

(v) The greatest novel—"Tom Jones," because of its truth to life, its humour and humanity. Taine says that Fielding takes us into the rough places of the earth and among the dunghills. But he never miscalls these and pretends they are beds of roses.

It is improbable that every reader will agree with the choice. There was however a general consensus of opinion about (iii), though several competitors preferred Wordsworth's sonnet on Milton. Most people also selected "Hamlet" for (i) (though personally I am in agreement with those who chose "King Lear"). Many surprisingly think "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" the best single line in English literature—confusing apparently a somewhat trite suggestion of the relationship between beauty and happiness with an actual evocation of beauty. The lists of the following competitors are highly commended: F. Newbery Birch (North Cornwall), M. Chisholm (Inverness), P. M. Leath (Yorks), Olive Scholes (Coventry), Laurence C. Wheatley (Walthamstow), Rev. J. W. More (Blairgowrie), P. A. Walsh (New Ross, Ireland), John Coghlan (Dublin), M. E. Arthy (Surrey).

IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from English poetry in the seventeenth century applicable to any book advertised in the January number is awarded to John Coghlan, 7, Vincent Street, Berkeley Road, Dublin, for the following:

ONCE MORE THE SAINT. BY LESLIE CHARTERIS.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"It is the saint, the fiend—worse fiend when most the saint."
FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1664), *The World's Emptiness*.

We also select for printing:

BRITAIN'S AIR PERIL.

BY MAJOR C. C. TURNER, A.F.R.Ae.S. (Pitmans.)
"Great God, there is no safety here below."

FRANCIS QUARLES, *Emblems, Divine and Moral* (1635).
(Winifred Skillington, Market Overton, Oakham, Rutland.)

THE MIDSHIPMAID. BY IAN HAY.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"That not impossible She."

RICHARD CRASHAW, *Wishes to His Supposed Mistress*.
(L. H. Parker, 13, Palace Green, Berwick-on-Tweed.)

V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to Olive E. Dicks, Grafton Cottage, Coopers Hill, near Gloucester.

CROSSWORD No. 27.

One guinea is awarded to Margaret Martin, Clerkhill, Dumbarton, Scotland, for the following clue to "hour":

Change the initial letter and the English Part becomes the French Whole (i.e. "hour" becomes "jour").

"THE BOOKMAN" CROSSWORD No. 29

Solution to Crossword XXVII



MONTAIGNE

BY "PROCRUSTES"

A guinea will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who supplies the best clue to No. 16 down.

(NOTE.—Quotations are from the celebrated translation of the "Essays" by John Florio.)

CLUES ACROSS:

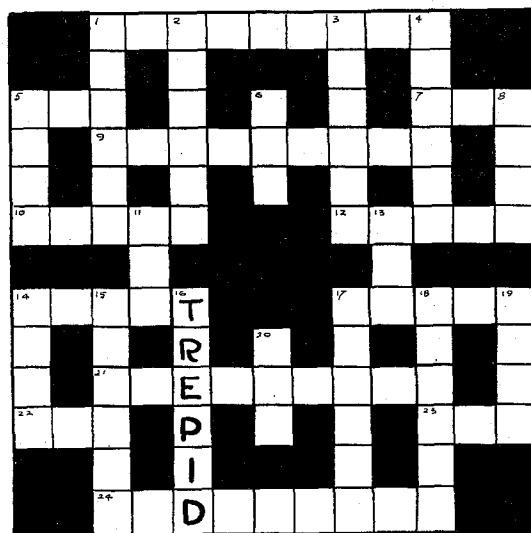
1. Montaigne's excuse for these people, in his essay on them, is as follows: "It is not as some imagine, to nourish themselves with it (as anciently the Scythians wont to doe), but to represent an extreme, and inexpressible revenge."
5. "Ariston did wisely define Rhetoricke to be a Science, to persuade the vulgar people: Socrates and Plato, to be an . . . to deceive and flatter."
7. "Alexander the great, on the day appointed for that furious-bloudy battel against Darius, slept so soundly and so long that morning, that Parmenion was faine to enter his chamber, and approaching neere unto his . . . twice or thrice to call him by his name."
9. "The greatest part of the army thought it expedient to demand a safe conduct for their passage of those of Verona, to which Theodor . . . stoutly opposed himself."
- ("Our Affections are Transported Beyond Our Selves.")
10. "Certaine Indians did likewise carry the . . . of one of their Capitaines in the skirmishes they had with the Spaniards, in regard of the good successe hee had, whilst hee lived, against them."
12. "It would not be unseemely, as fruit or comfets at our tables, when our bellies be full, are given unto by-standers, so the life . . . to distribute something to such as have bene the ministers of it."
- ("Of Judging of Others Death.")
14. This man would not wish to see his host "whisper one of his servants in the eare, and threaten another with his looke."—"Of Vanitie."
17. Montaigne noted that "unknowne to us, other men, and another end of the world named China," used this device "a thousand yeares before."
- ("Of Coaches.")
21. Montaigne's sceptical device (three words).
22. (with 6 down). "I love as much to see . . . in Plutarke, as in himselfe: I would rather make choice to know certainly, what talke he had in his Tent with some of his familiar friends, the night fore-going the battel, than the speech he made the morrow after to his Armie: and what he did in his chamber or closet, than what in the Senate or market place."

23. "It is the body, which sometimes yeeldeth first unto . . . and other times the mind."
24. In "Of the Resemblance Between Children and Fathers" Montaigne discounts the efficacy of these.

CLUES DOWN:

1. Another translator of Montaigne. Also referred to in the essay on "Coaches."
2. "So did . . . lose the advantage hee had clearly gained of the Corinthians; and contrariwise, Agesilaus assured that he doubtfully had gotten of the Boetians."—"Our Affections are Transported Beyond Our Selves."
3. "Under this chief . . . these fading affections have sometimes found place in me, lest I should speake of him, who in his verses speakes but too much of it."
- ("Of Friendship.")
4. Montaigne translated this writer's "Natural Theology" at the request of his dying father, to whom the book had been given by Peter Brunel.
5. The kind of horse ridden, according to Montaigne, by Tamburlaine."—"Of Steeds Called Destriers."
8. The Romans would not use this unlucky word, having "learned to allay and dilate the same by a Periphrasis."
- ("That to Philosophie is to Learn How to Die.")
11. These are used in 17 across.
13. Conjunction.
14. This of old Gaul was evidently sketchy, for Montaigne says: "Our ancient Gaules were but slightly apparelled, no more are the Irish-men, our neighbours, in so cold a climate."
15. Montaigne's family name.
17. "The same King who by meanes of her (Custom) ranged his stomacke to be nourished with . . ."
- ("Of Custome.")
18. Toleration was one of Montaigne's highest.
19. Montaigne describes it as "a fleeting thing, and which appeareth as a shadow, with the matter ever gliding, alwaies fluent, without ever being stable or permanent; to whom rightly belong these termes, Before and After; and, it Hath bene, or Shall be."
20. The extreme severity of the weather in Luxemburg, as related by Captain du Bellay, turned the munition-wines to this.

Crossword No. 29



COUPON for MARCH, 1933